

Lost Me Gained Regret

#Chapter 571 - Read Lost Me Gained Regret Chapter 571

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. "Decency? I'm just having a

chat with my wife. How's th Privatet

indecent?"

"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 him with
ne cold, ruthless figure

orchestrating 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
s 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.

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What else could it be?

Gregory's temper flared up.

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
basement and interrogate
him? We'd have everything by tomorrow 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
easy pace, "I guess I've really put
you in a tough spot."

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?

Chapter 573

Later that evening, before Gregory could return, a message suddenly popped up on my phone.

[Jane, are you sure you don't want to reconsider my offer?]

[Stop putting Gregory in a tight spot. He won't be able to get the antidote. Aren't you afraid something might happen to him?]

My fingers tightened around my phone until they turned white, and my face went pale.

A tumult of emotions twisted in my heart.

I couldn't help but marvel at how well Mark, my long-time friend, knew me.

He had an uncanny knack for pinpointing exactly what was on my mind.

The thought of something happening to Gregory was unbearable...

And what about our unborn child?

Could I really let Gregory risk his life over my troubles?

I felt a chill run through me as I stared blankly at Ramona, lying unconscious. Before I knew it, my face was wet with tears.

"Jane, I'm back....." Gregory walked in and stopped short when he saw my condition. His brow furrowed as he wiped away my tears, asking, "Why are you crying?"

"Gregory..." I sniffled, barely managing to say his name before I threw my arms around him, sobbing uncontrollably.

Without my saying a word, he had to guess.

He gently stroked my back, asking softly, "Did Mr. Abdul say something about Ramona?"

"No."

I shook my head, still sobbing.

"Then..."

Gregory's sharp gaze fell on my phone, left carelessly to the side, his voice deepening, "Did Mark say something to you again?"

I hesitated, surprised.

I always knew he was perceptive, but I hadn't realized he could see right through to the heart of matters.

Before I could think any more about it, he casually pulled over a chair, sat down, and looked me straight in the eye. Jane, I thought we had an understanding about these things."

I was taken aback. "What understanding?"

"That we'd be honest with each other, no matter what."

Gregory's usual nonchalance was gone, his brown eyes fixed on me intently, "Unless, you don't trust me, or you think that our relationship is only good until trouble hits?

"No!" I hurried to deny it, earnestly saying, "I've never thought that!"

"Not that?" He questioned back, "Then what did your hesitation just now mean?"

"I..."

Taking a deep breath, I tried to communicate in the direct way he preferred, "I'm just worried about your safety."

"Then I promise you, nothing will happen, okay?"

Seeing me speak my heart,

Gregory's expression softened. He

tenderly wiped the tears from the

el

corners of my eyes, his voice soothing, "You're still such a crybaby, just like when you were little. I really can't stand to see you cry. Maybe you should just bite me when you feel like crying?"

With that, he teasingly extended his wrist towards me.

I rolled my eyes at him, "I'm not a puppy."

"Alright, alright, you're not."

He sighed, then got to the point, "Our suspicions were right. Mark is indeed behind this, and he has the antidote."

I instinctively tightened my grip on Gregory's hand.

Gregory comforted me, saying, "I've sent people to look for the antidote. If they can't find it, we'll have to try a different approach." "Gregory, don't be too aggressive, Mark..."

Gregory's lips pressed into a thin line, interrupting me, "Afraid I'll hurt him?"

I sighed, "I'm afraid for you. The Larson family has deep connections, and I bet none of their people are clean."

Gregory came from a good family, but his past was marked by survival in the face of ruthless adversaries.

He was never one to show mercy to his enemies.

Especially not to someone like Mark, a thorn in his side he'd been eager to remove.

Chapter 574

Jack, pulling out the weeds, inevitably brings pain and blood, making it hard for him to escape unscathed.

Especially now, the Larson family's current state is nothing but a facade of legitimacy crafted upon their murky past.

There was a time when Mark was thought to be as gentle as jade, incapable of crossing moral boundaries. Now, however, there were worries.

I bit my lip, "I don't want you to get hurt."

Gregory's brown eyes sparkled with a tender amusement, delightfully captivating.

He was clearly pleased, yet he playfully drawled, "So, you're worried about me. I thought Jane was just unable to let go of her old flame—" "Feelings—"

I just couldn't...

I flicked his forehead, "You shouldn't be starting a company; you should be opening a vinegar brewery."

Gregory actually nodded seriously, "Alright, once I've handled this, I'll find time to acquire one."

My gloomy mood was finally swept away by him.

I glanced at Ramona still unconscious beside us and asked, "How confident are you?"

Gregory held my hand, his lips curling into a slight smile, his demeanor utterly free-spirited, "When I do things, I always ensure a hundred percent certainty."

Everyone says the prince of the Ford family is insufferably arrogant, but I know he's not just full of hot air; he has the skills to back it up. "Then promise me, you'll get the antidote without getting yourself hurt."

"I promise."

In the afternoon, Gregory got busy. No sooner had he left than Christine arrived.

I was puzzled. "Is something wrong with Janedream?"

"No." Christine wagged a finger in front of my eyes. "I'm here on someone's behalf."

Naturally, that "someone" was Gregory.

"Bingo!"

Christine snapped her fingers and slumped onto the sofa, "You don't have to worry about anything right now, just stay with your grandma. I'll make sure Janedream is well taken care of."

I tossed a bottle of mineral water and a pomegranate to Christine, "I'm definitely at ease with you around."

I sat down next to her, chatting away.

When I mentioned I had gone for a

check-up at the hospital, she

stopped peeling the pomegranate,

both shocked and delive

really pregnant?!"

I nodded, and she quickly wiped her hands, cleaning off the pomegranate juice with a wet tissue, then eagerly placed her hand on my belly.

"Oh my, let me greet my goddaughter."

I couldn't help but chuckle, "Right now, it's just a cell, you know?"

"Alright, alright."

You

After touching my belly for a while, Christine became serious again, "The mastermind is still out there, and with Ramona in this state... have to be careful. Just tell me about the pregnancy, don't mention it to others."

I fed her the half-peeled pomegranate, nodding, "I know, I have to protect my child."

Saying so, my eyes couldn't help but lower, "And, we've found the mastermind."

"Who? Someone close to you?"

"Someone close to us."

Christine frowned. "Us?"

I nodded, looking at her, "It's our senior."

"Senior?!"

Christine was dumbfounded, took a moment to digest, then incredulously asked, "Which senior? Luke... Mark?" "Yes, exactly."

Although I had come to accept it, there was still an indescribable feeling deep down, repeating, "Mark."

Christine was stunned, "Why would he poison Ramona? Has he lost his mind?!"

I gave a bitter smile, "Probably, to threaten me with the antidote..."

Christine was flabbergasted.

After digesting the information, she finally found her voice again, "Mark wants... you to be with him?"

I nodded.

Christine fell silent, then with a

ned demeanor, "I

vel

always felt he hadn't given up on you, but... I never imagined he'd do something so obsessive."

"What do you think?" she asked.

Chapter 575

Hearing that, I instinctively touched my belly, "I can't be with him."

Two years ago, I had already...

Foolishly let go of Gregory once.

This time, I couldn't.

Christine covered my hand, offering comfort, "You're carrying a little miracle now, and your emotions can affect the baby too. Since you've chosen to trust Gregory, try to relax, okay? Gregory will figure something out."

"Yeah!"

I nodded vigorously.

Seeing that I was relatively calm, Christine seemed relieved but shivered, "So, you're saying Mark has been faking it all along?"

I could understand her shock.

After all this time pretending, it's hard to imagine our once gentle and refined senior having such deep, calculating thoughts.

Before I could respond, Christine seemed to get it, shuddering, "Thank goodness you never fell for him. That kind of guy, there's something off about

his psyche, probably has intense possessiveness or control issues, could easily become abusive..."

As Christine spoke, she suddenly laughed and pinched my cheek. "Oh, my Jane, you're just too lovable."

I gave a resigned laugh. "I'd happily give you this 'charm' if I could."

"NONONO."

Christine crossed her arms, "I prefer the type who plays hard to get, the ones you can't even flirt with."

I raised an eyebrow, "Oh, Dailey Clarkson?"

With a side glance, Christine teased, "Jane, you've been picking up bad habits from Gregory."

"Yeah." I agreed, "Bad company corrupts good character."

Ramona woke up in the evening.

Since Christine had no urgent matters, she stayed over for dinner with us.

Gregory had messaged, saying he'd be late coming home and not to worry.

But I couldn't help it.

Seeing my mood dip, Christine quickly suggested after dinner, "Let's watch some TV."

Even Ramona seemed to agree, wanting to join in, "Sounds good to me, I'll watch whatever you young folks are into."

Christine turned on the TV, and before she could browse, the system automatically played a reality show.

Seeing it was "Slow Life," she was about to change it.

But I knew, one of the regular guests on "Slow Life" was her favorite.

"Let's watch, it's fine," I said.

Christine frowned, "Summer Taylor is so annoying..."

-Person.

She didn't finish her sentence, suddenly interested in the scene playing out.

"You don't get it, do you? Today's fans are totally brainless."

"Keep it up, and I'll replace you."

"Waste of space! Bet my mom could blacklist you!"

Christine couldn't help but chuckle, "This show's not bad, daring to air the dirty laundry."

The TV was filled with shocked and angry comments.

Amidst them, a few delusional fans attempted weak defenses.

"The producers must be framing her!"

"Definitely a editing mishap!"

...

It was normal for fans to be in denial; after all, Summer had always been portrayed as the innocent, kind-hearted girl. Contrasted with her current bossy, fan-insulting demeanor, it was like she was a completely different person.

Checking her phone, Christine found several trending topics.

-Bella Taylor's Daughter: A Two-Faced Act

-Bella's Daughter Insults Fans

Slow Life's Bold Move

I was about to speak when my phone on the coffee table rang. Picking it up, I saw the caller ID and smiled, answering, "Hey, Mom." "Jane, how could you not tell me something this big happened?"

At first, Bella's tone sounded reproachful, but it was actually filled with concern, "If Gregory hadn't told us, when were you planning to let me know?"

Hearing this, I wasn't surprised.

Vista Town's power dynamics were complex, and Gregory probably stirred the pot too much, stepping on the Taylor family's toes, hence the explanation to Herbert Taylor.

I felt a bit guilty. "I'm sorry..."

I guess I hadn't learned to rely on her yet, so whether it was the pregnancy or the situation with Mark, I hadn't shared it with her in time.

Thinking about it now, I realized I hadn't been the best daughter, making her find out about my life through Gregory.

Bella sighed. "Silly girl, what have

you done

|

It's me to apologize to me?

It's me who's been absent been absent from your
life for too many years. Sour
should apologize, it's me."

Chapter 576

My eyes welled up with tears. "I don't need to..."

"Alright, alright."

Bella chuckled and said, "Gregory's trying to find a cure, so he might not have much time for you. How about I have you and Ramona come stay at Cloud Villas?"

Hearing this, my eyes grew hotter, and even my nose started to sting.

Even though the Myers family had wronged her, she was willing to take in Ramona and me to Cloud Villas for my sake.

And yet, I hadn't even shared the big news of my pregnancy with her right away...

I shook my head repeatedly, "No need, Mom, Christine's coming to keep me company. Plus, I don't want you to put yourself out on my account." "You," Bella said upon hearing my refusal, but didn't push further, "Well, once Ramona gets better, you should come and spend some quality time with me, alright?"

"Of course! I'll stick around so much you'll get tired of me and kick me out, but I still won't leave."

Her voice was filled with affection, "I'll hold you to that."

"Yes!" I couldn't help but smile.

Just the thought of having a mom who adored me filled me with immense satisfaction and happiness.

Bella reminded me, "During the first three months of pregnancy, you can't be careless. No matter what, you have to take care of yourself. And don't keep things bottled up inside. You must tell me or your uncle, understand?"

"Yes, I get it!"

I responded earnestly, sensing her relief before swiftly changing the subject, "By the way, Mom, have you seen 'Slow Life'?"

At the mention, Bella's voice grew slightly colder, "She'll pay for what she's done."

That explained it. No wonder the production team dared to expose Summer's dark secrets; they must have gotten the green light from my mom. This would definitely stir up buzz and boost viewership. Why wouldn't they?

Bella's tone softened as she continued, "Once this mess is sorted, I'll arrange for your identity to be revealed. Let the world know who my daughter really is."

"Okay." I nodded. "I'll follow your lead."

After hanging up, Christine leaned in, all mysterious, "Looks like our Jane's about to become an inte sensation, huh?"

I playfully slapped her, my smile helpless.

Christine arched an eyebrow, "With your influence, our Janedream is bound to boom even more. Going public might not be out of the question."

"I'm figuring, by then, I should be a billionaire, right?"

I had to burst her bubble, "That kind of money is pocket change to Dailey. Dreaming of hitting him with it is just that - a dream."

Christine was speechless.

At a high-end hotel.

The sound of something being smashed lasted for quite a while.

The assistant stood at the entrance, not daring to go in.

After the program aired, she thought Bella would intervene and the production team would claim malicious editing to clear Summer's name. But none of that happened.

The production team went silent, Bella wasn't answering her phone, and even Ivy was unreachable.

Now, the whole inte was bashing Summer, pushing her to the top of the trending searches.

But this kind of exposure, stripping away Summer's innocent persona, was the last thing she wanted. After throwing a massive tantrum, wrecking what she could in the hotel room, she was furious. Content

"What are you still doing here?!" Summer was geared up to leave, her anger having no outlet.

The assistant, who was frankly fed up with Summer, was caught in the line of fire.

But, considering Summer was

Bella's daughter, she worried that maybe Bella just hadn't had the time to deal with the situation yet, or perhaps there was another plan in motion.

She didn't dare burn bridges with Summer just yet.

"It's best you don't go out now; the lobby's swarming with reporters."

"What are the security guards for?!" Summer fumed.

How could a high-end hotel let reporters swarm in like that!

Summer was teetering on the edge of a breakdown, baffled by Bella's actions - not answering calls, not responding to the online uproar.

If this continued, her image would be completely ruined!

"I think we should wait a bit longer. Maybe Ivy will sort it out soon."

Chapter 577

Summer just couldn't shake off the urge to head back to Vista Town to catch up with Bella.

But paparazzi, they're like bloodhounds sniffing out fresh news.

There was no guarantee she could sneak out of the hotel unnoticed.

For now, she was stuck waiting.

"I'm starving. Run out and grab me something to eat, will you?" she snapped.

Gwen swallowed her pride and nodded, though her hand barely touched the doorknob when a sudden knock made her jump.

Summer was spooked too, quickly ducking out of sight, signaling Gwen to check who it was.

Peering through the peephole, Gwen saw a man in a security uniform, but she didn't make a sound, letting him knock.

"What's with the silence?" Summer hissed, impatient.

Gwen barely had time to hush her.

The man outside ceased knocking, raising his voice instead, "Hello, hotel security here. We've had complaints about noise from this floor. Could you please open the door?"

It was a sensitive moment.

Assistants might not have the savvy of a manager, but they knew enough to be on alert, especially serving stars.

"Please apologize to the person downstairs for us. We admit it was our fault, and it won't happen again," Gwen managed to reply, her voice steady.

But the supposed security guard persisted, clearly aiming to get the door opened.

Gwen called his bluff, "You're not security, you're a journalist. Keep this up, and I'm calling the cops."

Caught, the man outside beat a hasty retreat, already plotting his next move.

Today was his golden opportunity to score a scoop on Bella's daughter, a story potentially worth its weight in gold.

Seeing him go, Gwen sighed in relief, yet Summer's gratitude was nowhere to be found. "How could a journalist even get up here? Can't you handle anything right?"

Summer lived in Bella's shadow,

depending on her for resources, public relations, and more. But with Bella unreachable, what could an assistant do besides preventing a direct media frenzy?

Before Gwen could muster a response, her phone buzzed.

Assistants had their ownwork, often sharing the less glamorous sides of their jobs. Today, the chatter was all about Summer.

"Still waiting on Summer hand and foot?"

"Just saw. She's not even Bella's real daughter."

"All that talk about 'my mom this, my mom that,' turns out she's nothing."

"I always thought Ms. Taylor was too good. How could her daughter lag so far behind? Turns out, she wasn't hers."

"A swan doesn't give birth to a crow."

From shock to calm, Gwen processed the news.

"Are you ignoring me now?"

Summer's voice cut through her

thoughts, dripping with regret

not

choosing Bella's assistant instead.

"You can't do anything right!"

"If you hadn't messed up with that camera last time, asking those idiotic questions, none of this would've happened!"

"I wouldn't be the laughing stock of the inte..."

"I quit!"

"What?" Summer's outburst was

abruptly cut off, her anger flaring up. "You begged to be my assistant, and you want to quit at a time like this!"

QUMS

"And this mess is all your fault, all because of your stupidity."

Gwen realized arguing was pointless. Summer, with her head high, thinking she was above everyone because she was Bella's daughter.

"Maybe you should check the trending news. Fancy yourself a princess when you're squatting in someone else's nest? Idiot!"

With those words, Gwen felt a rush of liberation. She left, leaving Summer with nothing but her upright silhouette.

Chapter 578

"Get your ass back here!"

She yelled, then immediately feared attracting the attention of reporters and quickly slammed the door shut.

Recalling her assistant's words, she dug through the chaos to find her phone.

The top trending news had changed - Bella denies Summer's lineage.

Summer felt her strength leave her. At that moment, unable to focus on anything else, she instinctively dialed Mark's number...

The call went unanswered until the cold, mechanical voice of the voicemail greeted her.

Summer, relentless, dialed again and again.

But each time, no answer, just the automatic hang-up.

"Argh!!!" Summer screamed in frustration and despair, and in a fit of rage, she threw her phone against the wall, shattering its screen.

This time, it wasn't that Mark didn't want to answer; he simply couldn't.

Even though the phone was right in front of him.

Gregory lounged on the central couch as if he owned the place, legs casually propped up, showing none of the respect due to a host's home. Mark could only sit on a nearby armchair.

But he was in no hurry, leisurely sipping his coffee, holding the most significant bargaining chip after all this time of careful planning.

He was determined to win over Jane.

Gregory was also taking his time. He picked up the coffee pot and poured himself a cup, fighting the urge to throw the hot liquid in Mark's face. Instead, their cups gently clinked together.

Neither spoke, but the tension between them was palpable.

"Boss." Lucius approached, whispering to Gregory.

His team had searched everywhere, sparing no nook or cranny, and even employed devices for a thorough check, yet they found no antidote.

By the time they came to Mark's place, they had already searched everywhere he had been, his company, and every conceivable location. "Nothing."

A cold fury flashed in Gregory's eyes.

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be splattered with blood.

Gregory's patience was thin, especially in the presence of someone who troubled him and harbored intentions towards his wife.

He casually picked up a baseball bat, weighing it in his hand as he slowly rose from the couch.

Mark didn't flinch, calmly meeting

Gregory's gaze. "If you're capable, kill

me. But you'll never find the antidote. I might as well tell you, your acupuncture might seem to have delayed the poison, but it hasn't suppressed it. It's almost fully integrated into her bloodstream by now. It'll act within two days, and it'll be excruciating. Gregory, don't be so confident, as if everything is under your control. You don't even know where this poison came from, how could you possibly develop a complete antidote?"

With each word, Gregory's grip on the baseball bat tightened, the veins on his hands visibly throbbing with rage.

Suddenly, he cracked a cold smile,

his voice as chilling as ice that hasn't melted in a thousand years, "And what makes you so confident, thinking you have the upper hand?"

In a swift motion, he swung the bat. It didn't seem forceful, but it sliced through the air with a whistle.

It was too late for Mark to dodge.

Even though Gregory didn't aim to kill, he made sure it hurt like hell.

Crash-

The baseball bat shattered in Gregory's grip.

Splinters dug into his palm, drawing blood.

Gregory didn't even flinch, casually shaking off his hand.

He stood tall, looking down at Mark crumpled on the floor as if viewing a struggling, overconfident ant. "The antidote is the only leverage you have over Jane; of course, it's kept in the safest place possible."

Chapter 579

Gregory's gaze landed on the tea caddy next to the kettle, and Mark, sensing his attention, struggled to rise but was too weakened from the beating to succeed.

Instead, Gregory grabbed a handful of loose tea leaves and sprinkled them over Mark, revealing something slightly.

He smirked, his eyes gleaming with mischief. "Looks like I guessed right."

Mark mustered all his strength to stand, attempting to snatch back the black glass vial from Gregory's grasp.

It contained the only antidote.

But even breathing was a struggle for him, let alone fighting back.

With a slight movement of his hand, Gregory made it impossible for Mark to reach it.

"You think you've won?" Mark managed to say, each word causing him pain, but he pressed on, "Forget everything else, but this time, you can't win. Jane will always choose me."

Gregory lifted his finger slightly.

Lucius immediately stepped forward to restrain Mark, while Gregory picked up a butter knife from the coffee table, knelt down in front of Mark, and tapped his face with the blunt side of the knife before turning the blade.

In the next moment, the tip of the knife pierced Mark's calf, cutting through skin and flesh!

Mark clenched his teeth and remained silent, while Gregory stood up, chuckling coldly, "She has good taste, not wasting it on someone like you."

...

At Elmwood Villas.

Christine was on her phone, as engaged as if she'd found the juiciest gossip of the season.

I was used to it by now.

Ramona was in good spirits, looking quite pleased, "Found something fun, dear? Share with me?"

I nudged Christine, "Come on, don't keep us in suspense. Spill it."

Christine handed me the phone.

"I was expecting to see Summer's downfall and read all the juicy comments, but I found something even more interesting."

Before she could explain further, I saw the trending news.

Summer's true identity had been exposed.

A reporter had released an interview clip where Bella personally denied Summer's claims.

I immediately called Bella, puzzled,

"Mom, I saw the trending topic. You denied Summer's identity? Weren't you and Greg planning to play the long game...?"

Bella replied, "The big fish showed up, so we don't need the bait anymore."

I was stunned. "Who is it?"

As the question left my lips, a guess formed in my mind, and then I heard Bella say, "It's Mark."

"We had our suspicions, but just now, your uncle and Gregory found evidence of their dealings. I released the news denying her identity, and she contacted Mark immediately."

I was thunderstruck.

If poisoning Ramona was to blackmail me with the antidote, then what was the purpose behind placing a fake heiress next to Bella? Then it dawned on me.

No wonder the jade pendant I lost in a car accident two years ago ended up with Summer, making her Bella's daughter.

And no wonder the DNA test between Bella and Summer came back without issues.

It wasn't that the report was tampered with; it was that the hair Summer gave to Bella was mine from the start.

I had trusted Mark so much. When I was in Y country, he had free access to my home; getting a few strands of my hair would have been no challenge.

That meant the first time Summer impersonated me at the Myers family, it was likely his doing...

The more I thought about it, the colder I felt.

Hearing my silence, Bella asked with concern, "Jane, what's wrong? Are you okay over there?"

I snapped back to reality, suppressing my shock, and shook my head, "I'm fine, Mom. What about you?"

"I'm okay. It's you I'm worried about. Even though the mastermind is exposed, it's going to be turbulent for a while. Just stay at home and take care of yourself."

"I've postponed announcing your identity for three months."

Chapter 580

I don't always want to be the worrywart. So I said, "Okay, I got it."

Bella spoke gently on the phone, "Alright, get some rest soon. A pregnant woman shouldn't be up too late."

"You too," I responded.

As I hung up and set down my phone, there was the sound of the door opening. I quickly made my way to the entrance, where Christine and Ramona exchanged glances.

Ramona said, "Come with me, let's check on my garden flowers."

Christine was cooperative, "Sure thing."

Of course, the person returning was Gregory Ford.

I opened my arms to hug him, but he stopped me, holding my shoulders, "I'm dirty, I need a shower first."

That didn't sound right.

Even now, with a child on the way and my heightened caution about bacteria, his level of dirt seemed excessive for just running errands and not rolling in dirt at a construction site.

Just as I was about to inquire further, a small black vial caught my eye.

"Antidote?!" My eyes brightened.

"Mm-hmm," he replied, raising his eyebrows coyly, almost boastfully, "Am I impressive or what?"

He was trying to appear nonchalant, but my heart tightened in an instant. I didn't reach for the antidote immediately but instead began examining him for injuries, lifting his clothes.

It was when I discovered the blood on his arm that he suddenly grabbed my wrist.

"Don't light a fire if you can't put it out," he warned, gaze lowered.

My eyes immediately moistened. "You're not taking this seriously, are you?"

As I was about to cry, Gregory instinctively reached to tousle my hair, trying to comfort me. He quickly thought better of it and withdrew his hand. Something was not right. I firmly grasped his hand to check it; several trails of dried blood were visible, ghastly though they had clotted. "Weren't you the one who promised you wouldn't get hurt?" I protested.

Gregory had the frustrated look of a learned man outmatched in a skirmish, ineffectively rationalizing, finally resignedly admitting with a helpless gesture, "I did indeed break my promise there. Just don't cry-all you say goes."

I turned silently and headed towards the living room.

Gregory followed, "Didn't we just agree we'd communicate everything on time? What's this now, giving me the silent treatment?"

I located the first aid kit, giving him a stern look, "Sit down."

Gregory obediently sat down.

"Hand," I demanded, spreading out my palm.

He meekly placed his injured hand in mine. Under the brighter living room lights, saw not just scabs, but numerous wooden splinters so embedded deeply. Content belongs

I was tempted to kick him; however, the sight of his hand softened my resolve.

Gregory chuckled, "Don't hold back, kick if it eases your spirit, don't spare a thought."

"Who's sparing thought? It's just that my foot hurts."

"Is it your foot hurting, or your heart?"

I acted as if I hadn't heard him, first washing off the dried blood, then carefully removed the splinters with tweezers.

After multiple checks and applying disinfectant, I reached for a bandage when Gregory spoke up, obstructing, "No need, it'll heal quickly enough."

I held the bandage, silently looking at him.

Gregory capitulated, "Alright, you win."

He surrendered his hand for

bandaging. I tied the final knot in a

bow. He grimaced but didn't

complain, only saying, "Go give the antidote to Ramona; I need to shower."

"No," I refused.

"I can't shower?"

Gregory queried, "Is this your way of punishing me?"

I couldn't help but laugh, "Your hand can't get wet."

Gregory heard this as if it was the funniest of jokes.

I realized he hadn't taken the injury seriously; if I hadn't discovered it, he probably would have skipped even disinfecting it.

Gregory was about to shrug it off but suddenly swerved, "Actually, my hand really shouldn't get wet, how about you help me... with my shower?"

My cheeks flushed, but not wanting

to lose face, I extended a finger,

hooked his belt, drawing him towards me with a wry smile,

might help you wash, but, will you manage to sleep tonight?"