

# **Lost Me Gained Regret**

## **Lost Me Gained Regret #Chapter 601 - Read Lost Me Gained Regret Chapter 601**

### **Chapter 601**

"Sure thing."

Bella was quick to agree, then she got up and said to me, "I'm going to check on Ramona. Seeing how worried you've been, pacing back and forth, I've had less interaction with her, so I might not upset her as much. Maybe she'll even remember me."

I nodded, "But can you promise me, to tell me anything that happens? Don't hide anything. I can handle it."

"You think you can handle it?"

Bella poked my forehead, saying, "I asked Gregory on the way here. He wouldn't dare lie to his future mother-in-law. You being rushed into the emergency room last night, you conveniently left that out of our earlier chat."

I touched my nose, a bit embarrassed.

Indeed, I had omitted that detail when speaking frankly with her earlier.

Even though I was standing here perfectly fine now, my mom was definitely still shaken by the event.

Mainly because she'd worry, and most likely wouldn't agree with me staying at the hospital.

She's already busy, having to allocate her energy to deal with my situation too.

And it wasn't even her place to deal with Ramona's situation.

She and Victor weren't married, not even an ex-wife, so Ramona wasn't her mother-in-law.

"My bad," I said with a playful pout, "I promise, it won't happen again."

"It better not."

Bella patted my head. "Alright, don't worry. I won't keep anything from you."

"Can I go check on her now?"

"After you," I ushered my mom to the hospital room door with a gesture.

Mom gave me a playful glare.

She was naturally beautiful, and that look, combined with her charm, was stunning.

No wonder she remained a star in the entertainment industry.

After mom left the hospital room, I was puzzled, "Why do you think Victor would cheat on mom with Pearl, who's not nearly as good as her?"

Christine, munching on some fruit mom had brought, lifted her plastic fork and began to explain as if delivering a lecture.

"Men always think the grass is greener on the other side, always wanting a taste of what they haven't had."

"Pearl might not match up to your mother in any way, but she's less assertive on the surface. Even if she curses Victor out in her heart, she'd still speak the sweet nothings he loves to hear." Content

"Guys like being adored, being charmed. Your mother is undoubtedly beautiful, but she's not the type to coddle others; she's the one who needs pampering."

She was right about that.

After chatting for a bit more, my curiosity got the better of me, "You're articulate and charming, but you're not one to go against your own feelings to flatter someone. So how did you end up with Dailey?" Content

Christine shoved a fig into my mouth, "I'd rather not talk about him."

I chewed thoughtfully, "Alright, let's drop it."

A few seconds later, Christine sighed softly and volunteered, "I couldn't bring myself to do something that would hurt someone else."

"I just want to know, do you really like Dailey that much?"

The room fell silent.

It took Christine a long time to respond, as if struggling with her emotions before finally admitting, "When Steven got married, I never heard Dailey express as much pain as he did for his lost love... Content

Ford Group.

The boardroom was set for a high-level meeting.

When Hanson Ford walked in, he immediately noticed Gregory sitting in the chair that traditionally belonged to him.

The directors and executives all looked down, avoiding eye contact.

"President Ford's here? Don't just stand there, have a seat," Gregory said with a casual smile, gesturing to the seat next to him. The boardroom was dead silent; no one dared to speak.

Just ten minutes before Hanson's arrival, everyone had received information that could be used against them.

They knew well that with the prince's return, the Ford Group was on the verge of a leadership change.

But Hanson was stubborn, unwilling to fully relinquish control.

He recognized Gregory's competence but couldn't stand his arrogance.

Having committed his fair share of wrongs, Hanson clung to the reins of the Ford family, fearing the day Gregory might cast him out.

"You're just the CEO; I'm the one with the majority shares. I'm the decision-maker, the real power behind the Ford Group."

## **Chapter 602**

Gregory's chuckle was short and laced with mockery, his expression clearly amused at the discomfort he was causing. "Why don't you ask everyone here if you're still the chairman of the Ford Group?"

Hanson gripped his cane tighter.

The last time he had been this angry, he had coughed up blood. Although it hadn't been life-threatening, it had affected some of his nerves, leading to a decrease in mobility.

That was why he was in such a rush, why he had teamed up with Pearl, ensuring Victor could take over the Myers family's business, and then collaborate with him.

By doing so, he'd have both the Myers and his own family under his control, granting him more influence than Gregory.

And with that control, he could manipulate Gregory as well.

But Gregory had outmaneuvered him, showing up at the Ford Group bright and early to call a high-level meeting without notifying him. Well, that wasn't entirely true.

The rascal knew someone would inform Hanson, but even rushing over as soon as he got the message, Hanson was still too late.

"Just now, I got off the phone with Mr. Victor," Gregory was saying. "He's fully taken over the Myers Group and is now the head of the Myers family. He's interested in partnering with the Ford Group, and that partnership will only be negotiated and signed with me."

"Everyone here understands that as times change, the Ford Group needs to evolve, which will require significant investment. I believe apart from the Myers Group, there isn't another suitable and willing partner for us."

The room remained silent.

The Myers Group partnering with the Ford Group wasn't something only Hanson could facilitate.

But at this moment, Gregory's ruthlessness surpassed even that of his father.

He had them by the throat. They had no choice but to comply.

"Hanson," a director who had followed Hanson for years spoke up, "since you mentioned the Ford Group needs to evolve, maybe it's time for us old bones to retire gracefully. It's the era of the young now."

"Besides, your son has proven himself highly capable, founding SZ Technology. Since his return to the Ford Group, he's driven impressive growth. Look at you, your health isn't great. Maybe it's time to let go."

Hanson couldn't believe what he was hearing. This was someone who had climbed the ranks with him, taking the Ford Group to new heights. "Do you even hear yourself?!"

"Of course, do," the director replied

calmly. "Hanson, both you and Gregory share the same last name. The Ford Group, managed by either of you, remains within the Ford family. Why create such turmoil?"  
Content

"You!"

Slam!

Gregory tossed a file on the table, leaning back lazily, one leg casually crossed over the other. His long finger tapped on the table as he coldly surveyed the room. "Well then, let's see who else thinks President Ford should continue managing the Ford Group."

Content

Silence.

The director who had fought alongside Hanson fell quiet.

Gregory smirked, watching Hanson's face turn an angry shade of purple. "Let's vote. Those in favor of removing Hanson as chairman, raise your hands."

Seconds later, hands went up unanimously.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Hanson pounded his cane on the floor, glaring at Gregory. "You ungrateful son!"

"I should've never let you return to the Ford Group!"

Gregory sneered, "Your biggest mistake was conspiring with outsiders, attacking Jane."

It was always about that woman.

Hanson was so angry his face twitched, and he fainted.

Gregory gestured, and Lucius called in the security to carry Hanson out.

Gregory stood up, buttoning his suit jacket. "You've all made the right choice, he said as he left, leaving the directors with their grievances, forcing smiles as they saw him off.

As noon approached, Bella hadn't returned from her grandmother's hospital room, and I was getting anxious. Christine tried to reassure me at first, but seeing that I couldn't stop pacing, she eventually gave up talking. She decided to sneak a peek at the situation, but as she opened the hospital room door, she ran straight into Bella.

## Chapter 603

"You're acting all sneaky."

Christine looped her arm through Bella's as they walked in. "Bella, it's only because your darling daughter was getting antsy. I thought I'd do a little recon on the enemy."

Bella chuckled, "So now I'm the enemy."

Christine slapped her forehead, "Oh, excuse my lack of fancy words, didn't mean to make you the butt of the joke."

Bella knew her all too well; Christine was always up for a laugh and didn't take it to heart. Pulling up a chair, she said, "Have a seat. Spend a little time chatting, and you'll see why there's a rush."

I was genuinely surprised, "You and Ramona can talk for that long?"

After all, the drama between Victor and Pearl had caused a rift with my mom and the entire Myers family.

Bella took a sip of water, "Honestly, I didn't expect it either. Given Ramona's condition, it was surprising how calmly we could chat."

"Some details about Victor I'd forgotten, she remembered."

Then, she shifted tone, "But there's something I've got to tell you."

I had a bad feeling, "Ramona, she..."

The look on my face must've given me away.

"It's exactly what you're thinking."

My emotions were a tangled mess.

Bella continued, "I arrived just as she was asking for Victor, Dr. Andrews, and Mr. Abdul. It took a bit of effort to calm her down."

"Don't look so down. After I got there, she stopped asking for Victor."

"Dr. Andrews suggested we get people she knows but isn't close with to talk more with her. It could help with her condition."

I chimed in with my guess, "But, I'm not one of those people?"

Bella held my hand, trying to comfort me, "It's not that you can't. It's just for now, until she's more stable. This condition has its lucid moments."

I couldn't hide my sadness.

Feeling sorry for me yet compelled to be honest, Bella said, "You don't need to stay at the hospital if you can't help. Go home, rest. Ivy has cleared my schedule for the next few days to take care of you."

Content

"Look at you, you're pale as a ghost. You need to eat well for the baby. Unless you don't want this child."

This child was never part of my plans.

But now that it's happening, I have to be responsible for it.

Caught in this dilemma, I sighed, "It's my fault for not being careful enough."

"As if being careful could've

predicted this," my mom

immediately grew anxious, los

her usual composed demeanor for

that of a concerned mother. Content

Seeing her daughter self-criticize, she couldn't help but snap her out of it.

Yet, I could feel her love in her words.

"If precognition was in our skill set, we'd have been reunited long ago."

"I think about all these years, and I wish I had the power to foresee."

"If you insist on blaming yourself, then I'm the root of all mistakes. I'm your mom. I brought you into this world but lost you. If you had always been by my side, none of this mess would've happened." Content

"I'm the one who's truly at fault."

"

"

Words of comfort were on the tip of my tongue, but I suddenly smiled.

These were just repetitive conversations, going back and forth, meaningless now.

What's done is done, and time can't be turned back.

The only thing to do now is to take care of myself, not to worry those who love me.

"I'll listen to you, but I also want to stay updated about Ramona."

"Don't worry, I'll keep you informed about everything, honestly."

Just then, Christine chimed in, "I'll be at the hospital these coming days; I'll keep you updated. You just focus on getting some rest at home."

## **Chapter 604**

On the outskirts of the city, nestled among green fields, stood the Serenity Rehabilitation Center.

The doctors assured that Hanson was not in mortal danger, but his future seemed confined to a bed.

Yet, with rigorous physiotherapy, there was a glimmer of hope for some independence.

Gregory simply checked him into the center, sparing no expense for his care but dismissing the need for rehabilitation.

Hanson found speech difficult now, his words slurred, his face asymmetric. Whenever he opened his mouth, drool would escape.

A caregiver, with a patience saint-like, tied a bib around his neck - reminiscent of those worn by infants.

For Hanson, it was an unparalleled humiliation.

He regretted his past outbursts of temper and pride.

Gregory, observing Hanson's glare, couldn't help but smirk.

"You should be grateful for your devoted wife. Without her, I, the so-called ruthless man you despise, wouldn't let you live comfortably."

"Always wanted to control me, right? Well, watch closely how I live freely and arrogantly."

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Back at Elmwood Villas, Bella announced she would cook dinner herself.



I was surprised. Imagining a celebrity of her stature, I thought her culinary efforts would be limited to baking, avoiding the mess of cooking oils. Yet, my judgment might have been too narrow.

But, as it turned out, cooking was not her forte.

"Oops, this pan won't do at all."

Bella almost turned the kitchen into a bonfire before Zoe stepped in to save the day.

I approached, curious, only to see Zoe holding a charred pan, the kitchen enveloped in smoke.

"Stay back," Bella coughed, gesturing for me to keep my distance.

I handed her a wet wipe for the grease on her hands, and we couldn't help but laugh at the moment shared.

"I got ahead of myself," Bella admitted, taking the wipe and cleaning herself off. "I thought cooking would be similar to baking, but clearly..."

I had always longed for maternal love, pondering if my existence somehow led to my parents' absence.

But now, reunited with my mother, I felt truly blessed.

Embracing Bella, I whispered, "It's wonderful to have you, Mom."

She patted my back, "And it's wonderful to have you back with me."

After dinner, as Bella made work calls, Gregory rang me up. "Heard you're home. Also heard about the near-explosion?" Without guessing, I knew Zoe had filled him in.

Gregory, with his bold and biting wit, could infuriate anyone, even landing his own father in the hospital. Yet, he was surrounded by truly loyal friends. Content

"Would you dare say that in front of my mom?"

"I wouldn't dare."

I scoffed, "Yeah, you just run to my mom with complaints."

Gregory chuckled, "How else am I to win over my future mother-in-law?"

I deflected, "How's everything on your end? Everyone at Ramona's trustworthy?"

He didn't pry into my change of

subject. "Don't worry, they are. Just take care of yourself.

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want to see you well, not sick or in trouble."

Resting on the couch, I glanced down at my flat stomach, "Are you managing to eat well with all that's on your plate?"

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"Of course I've wrapped up things with the Ford Group. Now, it's onto the Myers family. It might get messy, so try to stay indoors at

Elmwood Villas if you can Content

I teased, "And miss my prenatal checkups? What if something happens to your kid?"

Gregory's voice softened, "I'll make time to go with you. I've got all the appointments memorized."

At his words, my heart filled with an indescribable warmth.

And as I remained silent, he asked, "What's this? You don't want me to come?"

## **Chapter 605**

I gave a light chuckle, "Guess?"

Gregory clicked his tongue, "Taking advantage of the fact I can't reach through the phone to get you, huh? You've really got the player game down."

"Who's playing?" I shot back, but my thoughts quickly returned to Ramona, "What if Grandma never recognizes me again?"

Deep down, I had braced myself for the possibility that Ramona might never remember me, but expressing these fears to someone close still felt suffocating.

Gregory tried to comfort me, "Ramona loves you too much to forget you forever. She's just sick, and with treatment, she can get better."

"Jane, what are you up to?" Bella called out to me. After a few more words with Gregory, reminding him to take care of himself, I ended the call. Stepping out of the bedroom, Bella asked with a grin, "Did I interrupt your phone date?"

"Not at all, we said everything we needed to," I replied.

"Let's watch a movie then," suggested Bella, spotting a projector. "Sounds good," I agreed, linking arms with her. "I always thought it'd be nice to watch a movie with Mom."

"I'll grab some snacks; you pick the movie."

"How about the one you starred in?" I teased.

Bella shivered at the thought, quickly declining, "Watch that one on your own. I can't sit through my steamy scenes with my own daughter."

I couldn't help but laugh.

Eventually, we settled on a comedy, starring one of Bella's protégés. She even shared some juicy gossip with me.

Suddenly, the movie lost all appeal.

"No way, he has a kid? With his agent?"

"But he's a heartthrob, started from a talent show. Aren't they not supposed to date so early?"

"If this gets out, so many fans are going to jump ship," I mused, remembering Christine used to be quite the fan of his work.

Despite his reality show origins, his acting was genuinely good, enough to make it onto the big screen without feeling like just another pretty face.

Bella offered me a piece of candy apple, saying, "There are plenty who've hidden marriages and kids. When love comes knocking, you can't stop it."

"As long as it doesn't leak, they can keep their single image and keep raking in the cash."

Biting into the candy apple, I couldn't resist more gossip, "Given his status, paparazzi must be on him round the clock, right?"

"Absolutely, and they're making a killing off it."

I was shocked. "They've got photos already?"

Bella tapped my forehead, chuckling, "Didn't expect you to be such a gossip."

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That night, I ended up sharing a bed with Bella.

I dreamt I never left her side when I was a kid that she used to take me to her film sets, showed me the world and its sunsets. The next day, Gregory came back to Elmwood Villas to pick me up for my check-up. Content

Seeing his tired eyes, I frowned and said, "You should go upstairs and get some sleep. I can manage the hospital visit on my own."

After all, I was headed to the Ford family's private hospital, with bodyguards in tow; nothing was going to happen in such a short span. "You don't get to decide that."

Gregory helped me into the car, then

settled himself, sprawling his long legs carelessly. Hearing my plan, he glanced at me, "Choosing friends over your man, huh?" Content

"Not at all."

My heart ached seeing the dark circles under his eyes, "I just want you to rest, Gregory. I hate seeing you so tired."

"Jane Webster, you have no idea what real tiredness is," he said, confusion evident in my gaze.

"The nights of not knowing where to find you, or if you were even still out there."

Gregory reached over, pulling me

close, his hand gently caressing my

head, "Those were the truly

verbet

exhausting times. Now, having you here, it's a blessing, silly." Content

"Having you by my side, I feel content, not tired."

## Chapter 606

Elmwood Villas was just a short drive from the hospital.

Gregory didn't want to sleep, yet at my insistence, he closed his eyes for a quick nap.

That brief moment of rest was enough to show how tired he was.

I didn't want to wake him, feeling secure with the bodyguard by our side.

Yet, as soon as the car gently stopped, Gregory woke up, instinctively tightening his grip on my hand, protecting me as we got out.

He had made arrangements with the hospital director in advance, so our visit was swift.

While waiting for the results, Gregory, fearing I would overthink, started talking about the Myers family saga, "Pearl knew I wouldn't let them off easily. That night, after returning, she poisoned Victor, manipulating him into signing over his assets."

Hearing this, my emotions were flat. Victor had it coming. I only asked, "Does he know about Pearl and Josiah's affair?"

"And that Dorothy is Pearl and Josiah's daughter?"

Gregory shook his head, "It was all a charade. Josiah kidnapped Pearl and Dorothy, forcing Victor to sign. He thought the poison was Josiah's doing, not Pearl's."

I smirked, "He truly loved Pearl, didn't he?"

Gregory played with my hand, "Let's not dwell on it anymore."

"Jane!"

Christine Jackson came running over, excited, "Ramona! Ramona wants to see you!"

I was momentarily confused, "What did you say?"

"Ramona wants to see you!"

Realizing what she meant, I was overjoyed, quickly following Gregory to Ramona's room, "She recognizes me?" Christine was beaming, "Yes, I was just checking on her, and she asked for you by name. I had to come find you right away."

My heart, which was in limbo, finally found peace. I was so moved, I almost cried.

Gregory, as if expecting this, gently wiped away a tear, "You crying like this will make me worry."

Christine rolled her eyes at our display of affection, but obediently, I composed myself, nodding, "Okay!"

I couldn't let him worry about me anymore.

"Why the tears?"

Upon entering the room, Ramona saw the tear streaks on my face and asked, "Are you feeling unwell because of the pregnancy?"

I wanted to speak, but feared that opening my mouth would unleash a flood of emotions and tears.

To avoid worrying Ramona, I just shook my head.

Christine looked anxious, "Ramona

I've heard pregnancy can make emotions unstable. It's normal for Jane to be worried, especially with

You

Ramona remembered the kidnapping, and there was no hiding it from her.

She caressed my head, her gaze filled with love, "It's my fault, making Lily worry."

I shook my head vigorously.

I wiped away my tears, took a deep breath, and finally managed to speak, "I won't cry anymore. You're okay, Ramona, I should be happy." "Good girl."

Ramona squeezed my hand, "I don't want to stay in the hospital anymore."

"Then I'll take you home."

"Okay."

While I helped Ramona change, Gregory went to consult Dr. Andrews about her condition.

## **Chapter 607**

After a whirlwind of activities, it was only then that I remembered about the check-up. "Oh, did all the test results come back?" "They did."

Gregory cast a gentle glance at my belly, a smile playing on his lips. "The little one is doing great. All your carefulness and effort to protect him haven't been in vain."

Seeing this, Lucius, holding some documents, said, "Gregory, I'll wait for you in the car."

Gregory nodded. "Yeah."

After Lucius left, Gregory noticed my worried glance toward Ramona's room. "Dr. Andrews said that if she isn't stressed, she can maintain her current condition."

I caught his implication. "So, Ramona's health..."

Gregory nodded, wrapping an arm around my shoulders. "Birth, aging, sickness, and death are natural laws, beyond our control. Accept it with a calm mind. Let her spend her remaining days happy, and you stay happy too."

He checked his watch, probably had other matters to attend to. "Dr. Andrews mentioned that a good mood is crucial. It can benefit one's health significantly."

I nodded, not wanting to keep him any longer. "Go on, be safe, and let me know you're okay."

Gregory kissed my forehead, ruffled my hair, and strode away.

The following days were peaceful.

Gregory would send messages to assure me he was safe, without going into much detail.

When I asked about the situation, he told me not to worry, that it would all be over soon.

Ramona and I spent most of our time at Elmwood Villas.

We'd garden, keep fish, and do jigsaw puzzles, among other things. Dr. Andrews said that such hobbies were good for both the mind and body, helping to stabilize her condition.

Whenever she had the chance, my mom would come over to check on me, bringing various high-end nutritional supplements.

She also gave Zoe a meal plan

devised by her personal nutritionist, expressing her gratitude, "Taking care of Jane during her pregnancy must be tough, thanks for all your hard work." Content

"Please, it's what I should do," Zoe replied promptly, dismissing the thanks with a wave of her hand. She flipped through the meal plan, her laughter bright, "This is perfect. I was wondering what to make e

her, especially since nutritionne

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needs change throughout pregnancy. I'm not professional enough in this area and was afraid of getting the balance wrong. Too little nutrients could lead to a weak child, too much could cause complications." Content

I knew Zoe treated me as the future matriarch of the Ford family, and so, she spared no effort in her care.

Just as my mom was about to respond, a sudden "boom" of thunder shook the house.

Lightning streaked across the sky, turning afternoon into night, signaling the imminent downpour.

Worried, I said, "Mom, if you don't have any plans, you should stay the night. It's too dangerous to drive in this weather."

"Sure, it'll be nice to spend more time with you."

Bella Taylor nodded in agreement.

I picked up my phone to message Gregory, telling him to be safe too.

But that message went unanswered.

I assumed he was just too busy to check his phone.

Before I could receive a reply from Gregory, Ramona insisted on going out, unstoppable.

"I need to find Victor!"

Rain began to pelt down, quickly flooding the streets.

As Ramona headed for the door,

be



muttering about finding Victor, I I tried to gently calm her down, only forcefully pushed away. Content

"Jane-

W

## **Chapter 608**

My mom was quick as lightning, catching me before I could fall.

But that slight delay meant Ramona had already stepped out into the rain.

I grabbed the umbrella and hurried after her.

Mom caught me by the arm, "You can't run, walk slowly, I'll handle it."

She handed me the larger umbrella she was carrying and took my smaller one to chase after Ramona.

I couldn't slow down my pace, making sure I wouldn't harm the baby while trying to keep up as best as I could.

Mom had caught up to Ramona, but Ramona was struggling fiercely, calling out for Victor, her umbrella barely providing any shelter as both of them were soaked.

I moved forward to offer them the umbrella, but the wind was too strong, and it barely covered them.

Besides, Ramona wouldn't let me help shield her.

"Victor, please take me to Victor!"

Mom didn't dare to pull too hard, fearing she might hurt Ramona, so she just followed her lead.

She turned to me, worried, "You should head back home. It's autumn, and during pregnancy, your immune system is weaker. Getting soaked could lead to a cold, and that would be troublesome."

I was already drenched.

In just a few seconds, Mom and Ramona had moved farther away.

I thought it over; my priority had to be the baby's well-being. As for Ramona...

I turned back toward home, planning to call the security team stationed in the underground garage to go after Mom and Ramona, when I suddenly bumped into a wall of people.

Before I could see who it was, I was swept off my feet.

The familiar scent calmed me, and I swallowed my shout, "When did you get back?"

The man carried me upstairs with steady steps, straight into the bathroom.

He wrapped me in a towel, turned on the shower adjusting the temperature before stripping me.

"Ramona..."

I didn't resist, and in no time, I was bare.

Before the chill could set in, warmth enveloped me.

Gregory was also soaked, his black

shirt clinging to him, outlining his

solid muscles. His handsome

ce

was expressionless, rain tracing down his defined jawline. Content

He seemed cold, detached.

"Are you mad?"

After drenching me thoroughly in warm water and dressing me in a bathrobe, Gregory lifted me onto the bed.

He tucked me in snugly, then fetched a hairdryer to dry my hair.

His silence made me feel guilty, prompting me to explain, "It was an emergency, and I was mindful of the baby. I didn't act recklessly, please don't be mad, okay?"

Gregory's fingers worked through my hair, ensuring it was dry before turning off the dryer.

Rain pattered against the window, dark clouds looming outside, the room dim except for the small bedside lamp. Gregory's deep eyes fixed on me, swirling.

I crawled closer, hooking my fingers

around his, looking up at him, "I

never intended to put myself in danger. I always remembered I'm pregnant. I was already planning to head back downstairs." Content

"Really?"

My fingers gently swayed, my voice soft, "Really, I always listen to you."

"Bullshit."

Gregory gave me a sideways glance, pinching my cheek, "Ramona and Bella will be fine. Lucius has taken people to handle it." "Seeing you all wet, yes, I was angry, but I'm over it now."

I breathed a sigh of relief, moving to embrace him, but he pushed me away, "I need a shower."

After a quick shower and changing into a set of gray loungewear, making sure he was warm, he came back to hold me.

I nuzzled his neck, "I'm sorry for worrying you."

Gregory patted my head, "Enough, your apologies are like drinking water - you say it now, and then you'll do it again."

My apologies indeed lacked conviction. I pulled away from his embrace, reaching up to loop my arms around his neck, "Then what can I do to make you believe me?"

At that, a flicker of desire passed

through Gregory's eyes as he glanced at my abdomen, "I thought having a little one with you wouldn't be so bad, but now, it feels like an inconvenience." Content

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## **Chapter 609**

I tapped Gregory on the shoulder. "Quit it, the little one can hear you."

Gregory let out a tsk, his expression a mix of annoyance and resentment.

I started massaging his shoulders, "You've been stressed out lately, huh? Let me help you relax a bit."

Gregory grabbed my hand, saying, "Stop, your effort feels like you're just tickling me."

Only when I saw him return to his usual self, did I share, "Ramona suddenly fell ill, mumbling about needing to see Victor. But I haven't mentioned Victor to her recently, nor have I shown her anything about him."

Gregory tossed his phone to me.

I glanced down to see a news alert.

Even though Victor and I weren't close, the word "death" made my heart skip a beat.

"Is this for real?"

Gregory took his phone back. "Almost was."

"Is Victor in your custody now?"

"In the ICU."

"So, you came back because you saw this?"

Gregory nodded, "I remembered Ramona likes to fiddle with her phone after her afternoon nap. I thought you'd see it first."

I felt a bit guilty, "My mom came over, and I got caught up talking to her. Didn't check my phone."

"How's Victor doing now?"

Gregory answered, "If we're lucky, he'll wake up. But it's uncertain what condition he'll be in."

Hearing this, I fell silent.

I wasn't particularly concerned about Victor's fate, but considering Ramona's condition, if she couldn't see Victor, she might not make it either.

A mother's heart, even if her son conspired with others to kidnap her, always holds a soft spot for him.

"As for the situation with Pearl,"

Gregory rubbed my head, continuing, "Josiah got away, but Pearl and Dorothy are with me."

"The Myers family's fortune, Josiah took it. It's up to him now whether he wants the money or his wife and daughter."

I held Gregory's hand tightly, "Josiah's no easy opponent; you have to be careful."

But Gregory just pinched my face hard, "If you could just stay out of trouble, that'd be the real way to show you care about me."

Yes, if I stayed out of trouble, he wouldn't have to be distracted protecting me and could focus on handling the situation.

I looked up at him, "Can we not make this a habit, please?"

Gregory looked into my eyes, and just when I thought he was going to lean in for a kiss, he stood up, "Don't tempt me."

At the hospital.

Bella stepped out of the shower in the hospital's restroom, slipping into the clean clothes Lucius had brought for her. Then, Lucius handed her a cup of ginger tea.

"Gregory arranged it."

Bella took it, appreciating the gesture, "He's thoughtful indeed."

Lucius thought to himself, of course, he's trying to impress your daughter.

|

After Bella finished the tea, feeling warmed up, she thought of updating Jane Webster about the situation but realized she didn't have her phone. Content

She asked Lucius for it, and he replied, "I've already briefed Gregory on everything. He'll inform Ms. Webster."

Trusting Gregory's efficiency, Bella

said, "Alright, you go on with your tasks. Don't worry about me; I can take care of myself. I'm going to check on Ramona."

Finding the elderly woman asleep in her room, Bella inquired, "Did she receive a sedative?"

Dr. Andrews nodded, "We had no choice but to let her rest. Any damage will have to be assessed based on her body's response."

"Do you know what caused her episode?" Bella asked.

Dr. Andrews showed her his phone.

To Bella, Victor was less than a stranger.

Not exactly an enemy, but she hoped to never have Victor in her life again.

Yet, seeing the news of his potential death still made her frown.

"This..."

Dr. Andrew's put away his phone, "He's

t has been stel

but it's uncertain if he'll survive." Content

6 x cu, poisoned.

## **Chapter 610**

After dinner, Gregory and I made our way to the hospital.

I had packed some dinner for my mom, but when we got to the room, she wasn't there.

Ramona was already asleep, nothing pressing there.

Now, everything hinged on whether Victor could pull through.

Gregory led me straight to the ICU.

There, I spotted Bella and approached her, saying, "Hey, Mom."

Bella looked at me, and I braced myself for her to get emotional, but her face was unreadable, devoid of emotion.

I didn't pry, instead, I just sat her down and said, "Eat something, will you?"

Bella asked, "Gregory told you everything, right?"

I nodded.

Bella cursed under her breath, "He's a menace. If he'd just listened to Ramona for once, it wouldn't have come to this. I do wish he pulls through, just to see his beloved Pearl cozying up with someone else, and to realize that the daughter he raised with so much care all these years... well, she was never really his."

"That would serve him right."

I turned to Gregory, "You told my mom all this?"

Gregory just raised his eyebrows slightly and said, "I tell Mom what she wants to know."

I couldn't help but laugh. "Anyone would think she's your mom."

Gregory raised an eyebrow, "Well, yeah, give it some time."

Then he patted my head, "Alright, no use sticking around here. Go home with Bella; I'll let you know if there's any news."

Staying did seem pointless, so I headed home with my mom.

Gregory went off to the company after dropping us off. He had just taken full control, and with the company's stability at stake, any slip-up could be a major loss for the Ford family.

Not to mention, it could become fodder for gossip.

...

The next day, Bella had a photo shoot, leaving me at home working on some design drafts.

Around noon, Christine showed up with a bag of gourmet food from who knows where, "Gregory sent you, didn't he?"

"Not entirely. I missed you too."

I let out a surprised sound, taking the insulated bag from her, "You're getting sweeter by the day."

After setting the food on the coffee table, we sat down on the carpet to eat.

She filled me in on the recent happenings at the company.

Eventually, her gaze landed on the design drafts I had set aside. She quirked an eyebrow, "Why don't you, while your belly's still manageable, design your dress?"

"I am working on it," I replied, taking a sip of my juice. "I'm worried that by the time, I'm in the later stages of pregnancy, I won't have the energy. I want to finish all the custom orders I have on hand." Content

Designing might seem free-wheeling, but it's actually pretty draining.

Christine tapped my forehead, "Are you dumb? Is that what I meant?"

I paused, then realized she was talking about my and Gregory's wedding dress, and laughed, "That's not urgent, is it?"

With so many unresolved issues, who knew when the wedding could happen.

Christine sighed, "That's exactly what you should be prioritizing. All the wedding prep can be handled by a wedding planner. They're professionals, they can get things done fast." Content

"The dress is the only thing left, or are you telling me you don't want to wear a dress you've designed yourself?" "Of course, I do."

"You really have it all figured out,"

Christine raised her eyebrows, finding my plan sensible but also a bit worried for me, "You're okay with just getting the license and having a baby, without a proper wedding?"

I pondered for a moment before saying earnestly, "With someone else, maybe I'd mind. But with him, not at all."