

# **Lost Me Gained Regret #Chapter 631 - Read Lost Me Gained Regret Chapter 631**

## **Chapter 631**

When Mark's eyes lit up with excitement, I knew I had made the right bet.

"Let's make a video," I suggested, a smirk playing on my lips. "We'll send it to Gregory, show him he's got nothing on you, and that I belong with you." Mark's gaze upon me was intense, bordering on maniacal.

I reached for his phone, trying to play it cool, but he lifted his hand, letting it slip right through my fingers.

"All I wanted was to hit record," I said calmly.

Mark remained silent, his eyes locked on mine.

Turning away, I feigned annoyance. "It was your idea to make this video. Film it or don't, your call."

For years, Mark had been biding his time, cloaked in shadows, plotting his next move.

Now, faced with a challenge against Gregory, he wouldn't back down easily. Yet, despite my bravado, my heart raced, especially as his silence stretched on.

I was about to up the ante when I felt his hand on my shoulder, spinning me around.

I saw him enable the camera's recording feature, his voice laced with restrained excitement. "Then let's start."

His thumb brushed the screen, and the recording countdown began.

I pulled him close, capturing his surprised expression. "Close your eyes," I whispered.

Mark, perhaps underestimating my audacity, complied.

I moistened my thumb and pressed it lightly against the corner of his mouth, mimicking a kiss.

After the act, I turned to the phone. "You see that, Greg? He's into me. I'm choosing to be with him. You can stop looking for me."

I hit stop and tried to regain my composure, though my nerves were shot.

I couldn't bring myself to meet Mark's eyes.

One second, two, three...

I watched as Mark sent the video off, a wave of relief washing over me.

But then, he said, "You didn't actually kiss me."

I bluffed, "Of course, I did."

Mark's hand captured my face, his thumb pressing against my lips, the

rendering me unable to pull away. It was causing me pain and

Content

Finally, he let go, leaving my lips burning.

"Jane, you might be clever, but bet on wrong horse," he said "Even if you signal Gregory,

he'll find you." Content belongs

"Not everywhere is under Gregory's control."

I didn't understand what he meant, but my faith in Gregory was unshakable. I believed he would find me.

...

At the border, Gregory faced unexpected obstacles.

Meanwhile, Lucius received the video and hesitated to show it to Gregory.

Dailey noticed Lucius' distress.

"Don't tough it out. Let Dr. Andrews help if you're feeling off," he advised. "Sticking with Gregory all these years, even if he's mad, he won't kill you." Content

Lucius had always been loyal, and loyalty like his was hard to come by.

But when Dailey finished speaking, Lucius handed him the phone.

"What's this?"

"Just watch."

Dailey played the video, and his mind reeled.

If Mark had forced Jane, that'd be one thing. But Jane cooperating? That was a whole different can of worms.

## **Chapter 632**

Before he could make any sense of it, he heard Jane speaking into the camera.

"Gregory, you see this? Stop looking for me..."

!!!

Was Jane possessed?!

Lucius wiped the cold sweat off his forehead, trembling, "Should... should we show this to Greg?"

Dailey asked, "Did Mark send this?"

"No?"

Shaking his head, Lucius replied, "It was Josiah. Looks like Samuel's crew is trying to strong-arm Gregory into joining them."

Dailey pondered, "This just confirms the tight connection between Mark and Samuel."

Lucius said, "With the way things are now, there's no point in hiding it."

Dailey couldn't understand why Jane would do such a thing.

He dragged the progress bar back to the start, intending to watch it again, but suddenly, his phone was yanked away. Turning around, Dailey locked eyes with Gregory, and then with Lucius.

It was like asking: Why didn't you warn me?

Gregory had moved silently; he had just noticed him too.

Gregory pressed play before Dailey could stop him.

Watching, the man's face turned ice-cold, veins bulging on his hand as he crushed the phone's screen.

It was clear how strong and furious he was.

Lucius might lose a phone, but Gregory's heart was shattered, and that's not so easily replaced.

"Gregory, your wife must've been cornered..."

Gregory lifted his gaze, a frosty look stopping Lucius mid-sentence. He had seen the video; Jane seemed quite willing to cooperate. "Cornered has many meanings..."

Even under the thick night, Dailey could see Gregory's barely contained rage, his eyes tinged with a bloody red.

If Mark were here now, Dailey was sure Gregory wouldn't hesitate to take his life.

"Mark's a sicko; maybe he likes  
forcing people to act willingly, so he  
threatened your wife to make the  
move..."

Dailey's attempt at an explanation was feeble.

Not even the rain could save this situation.

But deep down, he couldn't believe Jane would betray Gregory.

Even if threatened, with her wits, she been able to buy  
outmaneuver the

Contented, with her wits, she

Content

"Don't panic just yet, this looks kind of doctored..."

"It's not."

Gregory's interruption left Dailey at a loss, "Not what?"

"Not doctored."

Dailey was speechless; he was trying to comfort him, and yet here he was, not taking the easy way out.

"Anyway, there must be some dire reason..."

"Lucius." Gregory interrupted again, "Check this symbol."

Lucius, puzzled, took the phone. "What symbol?"

"Jane's hands."

Hearing this, Lucius hurriedly rewatched the video.

Dailey watched along.

Initially shocked by Jane's seemingly affectionate gesture, they had overlooked everything else.

With Gregory's prompt, they now noticed Jane's intertwined fingers forming a symbol.

"This looks like... a private maritime signal..."

Dailey wasn't sure, so he took a screenshot and zoomed in.

Navigating to the border through international waters was tough; to pass through private .

SW

But private waters were numerous and dangerous.

With Samuel backing Mark, navigating these waters would undoubtedly be easier for them.

Not so much for Gregory and his crew.

But now, with this symbol, their search might just become easier.

"Your wife's pretty clever, huh."

## **Chapter 633**

Gregory wasn't in the mood to engage in conversation.

Dailey knew his friend was upset.

Even if Jane had approached him just to deliver a message, the closeness of their interaction was undeniable.

"You need to brace yourself for Ramona Jane's passing. She won't take it well."

Gregory stared into the seemingly endless darkness ahead, his deep eyes almost swallowed by the night, deep and melancholy.

He had thought, under those circumstances, that maybe the child wouldn't survive. That would have made it easier to speak up.

But after seeing the video, knowing the child was still there, because she wouldn't have communicated in such a manner otherwise, Gregory couldn't help feeling a bit helpless.

...

I still ate the food Mark had brought me.

I could handle the hunger, but the baby couldn't.

I had no choice but to trust that Mark hadn't poisoned the meal.

"The water's safe too."

Seeing me choke and struggle to swallow, Mark poured me a glass of warm water.

"If I wanted to harm the kid, I wouldn't need to go through all this trouble. We have a doctor on board; you don't need to be so wary of me."

If I trusted him completely, I'd be a complete fool.

"Where are you taking me?"

I asked after I had my fill.

Mark cleaned up the dishes without answering.

But seeing him leave the room, I couldn't help but sigh in relief.

Looking out the window again, everything was pitch black.

I wondered if Gregory could understand my message.

I had to laugh at the thought of him getting jealous over the video, but my reflection in the window looked bitter.

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The moment Lucius found out, he rushed to report to Gregory.

"It's the Norman family's territory. We can't get in."

Gregory, hands in his pockets, gazed at the distant sea.

Rocks surrounded an island flying a flag, the very signal Jane had sent him.

"Gregory, Samuel's on the phone again."

Gregory waved it off.

Lucius got the hint and hung up.

But Samuel was persistent, sending a message.

[Join me, and I can have my men let you through right now. You'd catch up to her in no time.]

[I'm sure you're aware, Mark has a

keen interest in that woman. If

Shefqet

delay any further, who knows

might happen.]

It was midnight. If they couldn't find her by dawn, anything could happen within that time.

Lucius tentatively suggested, "Maybe we should just agree for now, rescue her, and then figure out the rest later."

Dailey disagreed, "It's easy to board

that pirate ship but not so easy to leave. After all, Samuel is a mafia boss around here. Forcing a conflict would make it hard to escape." Content

Lucius was feverish and couldn't think of a better solution.

That's when Gregory spoke up, "Is that the Jordan family's territory across the water?"

Lucius looked over and immediately checked the insignia.

It was indeed theirs.

But what good would that do?

The Jordan family had no dealings with them and wouldn't allow passage.

"Find a way to contact them. Say we can help them take down the Norman family and become the new bosses here."

Lucius, still feverish and a bit slow to respond, was incredulous. "Gregory, the Norman family's current boss,, Samuel, might seem a bit off,

they've been a powerhous

for

years. Their long-standing rivalry with the Jordan family shows they have considerable strength." Content

"And boarding Jordan's ship might not be any easier to get off of."

## **Chapter 634**

When they realize this was all just a wild goose chase to save someone, they'd be in hot water with two major families. There was a good chance they wouldn't even make it out of these waters alive-might end up as shark bait.

Gregory's eyes were steely, "Just do as I say."

"Understood."

Seeing Gregory's resolve, Lucius complied without further ado.

"Gregory."

After Lucius left, Dailey spoke up, "Lucius has a point. Getting into this mess is easy; getting out, not so much. And how can you be so sure we can help Jordan take down Norman? What if we fail?"



A slight smile played on Gregory's lips, his usual recklessness not fully masked by his pallor.

"Go, find a way to get a message to Mr. Rock."

Dailey instantly got it, chuckling, "You're still the craftiest of us all."

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After filling up on a hearty meal, I started feeling drowsy.

Especially since the wind had died down, and the ship sailed smoothly, making it hard to keep my eyes open.

I leaned against the headboard, trying to stay awake, but eventually, my eyes shut.

However, the sound of the door opening jolted me awake.

Mark returned, his hands empty, not bringing me anything.

"The sea ride is making me sick," I said, trying to sound proactive, "When can we get off this ship?"

Mark sat down on the bed, then began to undress.

"What are you doing!" I exclaimed.

Mark was incredibly calm in contrast to my panic, "Sleeping."

After a brief silence, I asked, "This ship is huge, don't you have your own room to sleep in?"

Mark kicked off his shoes and reached for me; I quickly got up to avoid him.

"Then you sleep, I'm not tired."

Hearing this, Mark squinted, "Seems like, your cooperation earlier was just to signal Gregory."

He smirked, "Too bad, Gregory will never find you."

As he stepped closer, his obsession became apparent, "From now on, you're mine, Jane. Only mine."

I felt a chill down my spine and hurriedly ran towards the door.

Just as my hand touched the doorknob, a strong hand clasped around my waist from behind.

Mark's breath was hot on my ear, making my skin crawl.

"It seems you don't care much for this child either, trying to run like that."

I knew my efforts were futile.

Even if I made it out the door, I was still on the ship.

If I weren't pregnant, I might consider jumping overboard as  
last

Fesort, hoping for a slim chance  
of survival. Content

But now, jumping would likely mean death for both me and the baby.

I couldn't take that risk.

"I'm just feeling claustrophobic, needed some fresh air," I explained.

"You wouldn't understand pregnancy. Certain smells make me nauseous, I feel dizzy,  
and staying in this confined space makes

breathing difficult." Content

I talked and talked, but the hand on my waist didn't loosen in the slightest.

I tensed, "If you're so sure Gregory can't find this place, then why worry about me  
getting some air? Or do you think you're actually inferior to Gregory?" Content

The grip around my waist finally relaxed, and I quickly opened the door and stepped  
out.

Instinctively turning right, I was suddenly pulled aside.

A heavy black coat landed on my shoulders-a familiar gesture of warmth on the chilly  
sea.

In that moment, a flood of panic and fear washed over me, realizing the gravity of my  
situation.

## Chapter 635

"Were you the one who changed my clothes?"

I woke up on the boat, draped in a set of peach-colored cotton pajamas.

Seeing Mark's shocked expression and then being caught up in a whirlwind of panic, I was too focused on finding a way out to remember the change of clothes.

A mix of emotions made me forget the incident completely.

Mark glanced at me, a fleeting emotion crossing his eyes, before he simply grunted in acknowledgment.

I tensed up immediately, a wave of revulsion surging within me.

I couldn't understand how Mark, once my most trusted and respectful friend, had become this person before me.

Even though it was done unconsciously, the mere thought made my skin crawl as if ants were marching all over me.

This physical discomfort was uncontrollable.

"All this drama over a change of clothes?" Mark said, pulling me up to the deck.

The cold sea breeze hit us, whipping around us, yet I found it hard to breathe.

I didn't want to talk to Mark.

He let go, sure I wouldn't jump overboard. Then, grabbing a chair, he sat down on the deck.

I stood by the railing, keeping distance between us.

Mark looked at me. "I'll take it you're just not used to it yet, no big deal. We've got all the time in the world to get comfortable with each other. You'll get over this aversion eventually."

My stomach churned, and I turned to vomit into a nearby trash can.

All my meal wasted.

Just the thought of him changing my clothes was enough to make me sick.

Mark frowned slightly. "Have some hot tea," he offered, holding out a cup to me, which I didn't take.

Pointing ahead, he said, "We're about to dock."

But I looked towards the tail of the boat, into the endless darkness, seeing nothing.

Mark pushed the cup into my hands and patted my head. "Don't worry about it, we're in private waters, Gregory can't get in here."

I remained silent.

Yet, Mark wasn't irritated by my attitude. He even gently tried to tuck my wind-blown hair behind my ears. I frowned and instinctively turned my head to avoid his touch. Content

Mark looked at his hand, suspended this in air, and smiled. "Samuel has taken a liking to Gregory. If Gregory really wants to enter these waters to save you, he'll have to deal with Samuel. But knowing Gregory, I doubt he'd dare." Content

UMS

"So, he'll never make it here. Samuel is one of the biggest mob bosses around. Even Gregory wouldn't stand a chance in a direct confrontation."

Hearing this, I clenched my fists but felt an odd trust in Gregory. He would find a way.

"Jane, I love you more than Gregory ever could. Forget about him. If you behave, I might even let you keep the baby. But if you keep clinging to the hope that Gregory will come for you, I'll make sure you remember this lesson well." Content

I couldn't hold back. In a swift motion, I splashed the water in his face.

Before he could react, I threw the cup away, ditched the black coat, and made my way back to my room.

Even knowing it was futile, I locked the door.

I didn't dare sleep, instead sitting on a chair by the door, ready to wake at any disturbance.

Gregory's boat lingered outside Samuel's waters.

Ignoring Samuel's furious messages, Gregory seemed unfazed by the threats.

Samuel, enraged, ordered his men to open fire, a futile attempt to scare Gregory off.

But little did he know, Gregory had already left on a stealthy little boat sent by the Jordan family, making his way ashore.

"I was curious who had the audacity to claim they could wipe out the Norman family for me."

## **Chapter 636**

Garry Jordan, the head honcho of the Jordan family, was holding court in his lavish living room when Gregory strolled in. Despite being on foreign turf, Gregory's demeanor was as relaxed as if he were lounging in his own living room.

He casually took a seat across from Garry, yet his eyes remained sharp, not touching anything on the table.

"Samuel wants to win me over, but I refused. So, he took my love away. Mr. Garry, you tell me, shouldn't I seek revenge?"

Garry's wife, the woman he had pursued through thick and thin, had been taken from him forever due to a fiery clash with Samuel.

He had never remarried, occasionally stirring trouble for Samuel. But taking Samuel out was no small feat.

So, when a tip came his way, he didn't care if it was true or not; he had to meet this person.

Now, knowing the young man before him sought his wife, Garry felt it was worth the gamble.

"What do you need from me?"

Gregory smirked. "Mr. Garry, you're a smart man. It's refreshing to converse with someone as straightforward as you."

"Our goals align; no need for any more chitchat." Garry was direct. "Trust is given, and any consequences are yours to bear. If you didn't trust, you wouldn't be here."

Gregory raised his glass to Garry but didn't drink, apologizing, "Sorry, I need to save my love. Can't afford to get drunk."

Garry nodded, taking Gregory's cue to make arrangements.

"I'll take care of the guards at the shore. Send a team to dive across first, and another to distract with my boat for a diversion. Anything unclear, ask my buddy."

After laying out his plan, Gregory hopped onto a dinghy and returned to his ship.

He called Samuel back, "I'll comply, but you must ensure my love is safe."

Samuel's response was jumbled with excitement, eventually managing to say, "I'll send someone to bring you in! I'm heading to the shore to pick up your wife, she'll be well taken care of."

Gregory instructed Lucius, then turned to Dailey, "You handle it. His men are too confused to remember your face. I've got my crew ready, we'll coordinate perfectly."

Gregory nodded in agreement, then boarded the vessel sent by Samuel.

I was dozing off, nearly tumbling

from my when the s

of falling jerked me awake

Rubbing

door. It was still locked from the

no signs of tampering elnee

Content

ps stiff neck, I checked the

swnov

I had been asleep for quite a while; I would've woken if he had come.

Just as I was about to breathe a sigh of relief, the doorknob turned from the outside.

Realizing it was locked, the person didn't force their way in.

"Jane, come out on your own. It'll spare your little one any trouble."

Biting back my anger, I replied, "Give me a moment to wash up."

I didn't wait to see if he left; I quickly freshened up.

Stepping outside, the early light made the sea shimmer, reflecting the azure sky.

But I had no time to admire the view.

Stepping onto the shore, I was uncertain of what Mark had planned for me.

"Jane, you've got one minute."

At his knock, I hastily opened the door.

Mark tossed me a jacket, not the black trench coat from the night before.

Hesitant, yet upon his warning about getting sick, I put it on, breathing deeply.

The wind was biting, and getting

sick during pregnancy could be

I

treesome, especially under these

peculiar circumstances. Content

We

## **Chapter 637**

"

"You'd really do anything for this little mistake, huh?"

Mark's laugh sent shivers down my spine. "Well, I suppose keeping it isn't entirely out of the question."

I followed Mark from the cabin to the deck.

As we disembarked, he insisted on holding my hand, and I couldn't break free.

"Mark."

I turned towards the voice and saw a man in a purple suit approaching us.

He was pale, but his lips were a striking red.

With his blond curls and blue eyes, he looked like something out of a fairy tale.

"Samuel," Mark introduced us.

"So, this is the woman you'd go to the ends of the earth for?"

Samuel eyed me up and down. "Sure, you're good-looking, but that's about it. Can't figure out why Greg's so into you."

Silence fell over us like an awkward night.

Seeing that I didn't respond, Samuel turned his attention back to Mark. "I've arranged a place for her to rest. I need to talk to you about something." Mark sensed something was off. "What's left to discuss?"

"I helped you with your escape, and you brought back Jane. Our deal is done."

"I'm just passing through. In a few days, I'll leave, and we'll have no reason to keep in touch."

Samuel's mood darkened. He wasn't fond of Mark, and it showed.

But he was desperate for Gregory, willing to waste time here for his sake.

Still, appearances had to be maintained.

"Even a stopover needs a place. It's not safe to wander around here on your own. Follow me."

I didn't want to be left alone with Mark, so I turned to Samuel. "Excuse me, sir, I'm quite hungry. Do you have anything to eat?"

If I could stall for time, even just a little.

Samuel, besotted with Gregory,

might have seemed naive, but he was groomed from a young age to take over the Norman family. He wasn't as foolish as some might think. Content

He could see right through my attempt to delay, waiting for Gregory.

"Of course, we even hired a chef from your country."

I forced a small smile. "But I'd love to try some local dishes. I've heard the beef here is excellent."

Samuel seemed resigned. "For fresh

beef, we'd need to prepare it specially. I had arranged for dishes from your country, knowing you were coming. If you want beef, it'll

take some time." Content



"That's fine, I can wait."

Suddenly, Mark pulled me close.

I didn't look at him, focusing instead on Samuel.

Mark forcefully turned my face towards him.

Confronted with his deep eyes, deep as abysses, my heart raced.

"What are you doing!"

I slapped his hand away, indignant.

It was a cover for my other emotions.

Mark gripped my shoulder tightly, causing a numb pain.

He told Samuel, "You might want Gregory for yourself, but if you're thinking of trading my woman for him, you're dreaming."

Samuel laughed. "What are you

talking about? I'm just using her

to

lure Grégory to the island. Once he's

here, he's mine to deal with as I

please."

Hearing this, a chill ran down my spine.

I had hoped to use Samuel to buy some time, guessing he might not want to give Mark and me any time alone.

I suspected he might have struck a deal with Gregory, ensuring his arrival on the island.

But now, hearing Samuel's words, I worried for Gregory's safety.

Yet, there was no way to warn him at the moment.

## Chapter 638

"Stop daydreaming." Mark leaned in, his voice a whisper of certainty, "Even if he makes it to this island, he can't take you away. I won't let you two meet, either."

After his words to me, he turned to Samuel, "Tell him whatever you need to keep him off our backs, doesn't matter if he's here or not. I'll figure out my own place to stay. And don't worry about food, I've got it covered. In a couple days, me and my crew will be out of here."

Samuel, playing his cards close to his chest, only let out a terse, "Whatever."

My heart sank. No more time to stall.

When Gregory got to the shore, he scanned the area, counting heads.

"Release them."

Samuel hurried over, arms wide for a hug.

Gregory sidestepped, cutting straight to the chase, "Where's my love?"

Samuel's gaze clung to Gregory as if trying to read his mind.

Suppressing his anger, Gregory demanded again.

"Relax, they're fine. I've prepared a meal, let's eat first," Samuel offered.

A hint of something flashed in Gregory's eyes before he coldly nodded in agreement.

Samuel couldn't hide his glee. He had Gregory right where he wanted him.

Gregory tuned out Samuel's chatter as they walked, his gaze casually sweeping their surroundings.

Passing a bush, something reflective caught his eye, but he kept quiet, only pointing to the right.

"Is that an undeveloped forest over there?"

Samuel was thrilled Gregory was initiating conversation.

"Well, it's not developed yet. If you've got plans, we'll build to suit."

Gregory gave the bush another quick glance before moving on.

Samuel followed eagerly, "I've brought in a chef from your country, cooked up all your favorites." Gregory was unimpressed.

Basic information like that was no surprise to him.

"Sit," Samuel gestured to a chair as they entered the dining hall.

Gregory took the seat without a word.

Samuel sat beside him, eagerly serving him.

Their companions barely dared to watch.

Josiah was also on the island.

Gregory had taken what belonged to the Myers family, and Josiah had not forgotten.

Of course, he came looking to reclaim the Myers fortune.

Pearl had come too.

After escaping Gregory's clutches, Dorothy was never the same, now in getting treatment.

a

Content

swno

Pearl wasn't just after the Myers fortune; she wanted Jane's life.

The pain she endured, she intended to repay a thousandfold.

If Jane died, Gregory would surely be devastated.

...

Once on the island, away from the

harsh seaside wind, I carelessly

ten.kik

tossed aside my jacket. Content

Mark glanced at the jacket but pulled me into the forest.

He seemed unaware of my ulterior motives, but I stayed on guard.

After a while, the trees cleared, revealing a small cabin.

It looked freshly cleaned, spotless.

"Take a seat and rest, I'll get us something to eat."

Mark patted the bed. I hesitated, but he gently pushed me down.

He knelt, his gaze soft. "Sorry for the inconvenience, I promise to make it up to you. From now on, I won't let you suffer even the slightest. Jane,

trust me, I'll make you happy, and

soon, you'll forget all about Gregory."

Content

BUMS

## **Chapter 639**

After Mark Larson left the cabin, I gave the place a once-over.

Nothing.

Stepping outside, I was met with a surprise-people were actually waiting out there.

I tried to keep the irritation from my voice, "You guys with Samuel or Mark?"

Silence. But it was clear-if I made a move, they'd block me.

Elsewhere.

Gregory Ford looked like he'd lost his last friend, couldn't even muster the enthusiasm to eat.

Samuel kept piling food onto his plate, but it went unnoticed.

Gregory was usually short on patience, and worrying about Jane Webster didn't help. But he had to play it cool, needed to lower Samuel's guard. "Not hungry," he muttered, standing up to look towards the shore before heading into the forest.

Samuel followed him but got stopped at the entrance.

Gregory had a hunch-Jane was here.

"Don't think just because I'm on this island, you can push me around. I won't be joining the Norman family if I can't see my wife," he declared. Samuel was cautious, especially about Mark and the influence he had.

Their past collaborations were always strictly business, with Mark usually keeping his own crew around, except for Josiah.

"But you know, we've got wild animals in the forest, so we keep people around to make sure the newbies don't wander in," Samuel offered, trying to ease the tension.

Gregory turned and left without a word. Passing some bushes, he spotted something shiny but didn't react, continuing towards the shore.

Samuel tried to reassure him, "Take it easy, go rest in your room. I'll bring her to you soon, safe and sound."

Gregory didn't respond, just kept walking to the shore.

As he was about to board a boat, Samuel's men surrounded him.

Gregory stood by the boat, hands casually in his pockets, his handsome face expressionless, his brown eyes deep and captivating.

Samuel, heart racing, stepped closer, unable to hide the admiration in his blue eyes.

"Ford, you're truly irresistible."

At that moment,

nothing or Gregory wished for more than to shut him out. And he did just that. Content one's to  
en.kikiste

In a flash, he grabbed a guard's gun and pressed it against Samuel's temple.

The casual demeanor vanished, replaced by a chilling seriousness.

"Where is she?"

Samuel laughed, "Ford, kill me,

neither you nor that woman and

leave this island alive." Content

s to en.kikistorie and t

The guards aimed their guns at Gregory

ready to turn him into st

Chelongs to

cheese the moment he fired.

swnove

Everyone thought Gregory wouldn't dare. Even Samuel believed it.

But then, a gunshot rang out.

...

The sound of the gun made my heart skip a beat, fearing for Gregory.

But before I could even stand, Mark pushed me back down.

"Eat your meal."

I had no appetite, worried, "Did Gregory make it to the island?"

Mark served me food again, insisting, "Eat."

I didn't touch my fork, and he threatened, "Think about the baby."

...

At the shore.

Nobody expected things to escalate like this.

Gregory Ford wasn't playing by the rules!

Samuel was dumbstruck.

Hearing the gunshot, the rest of the men rushed to the shore.

Josiah and Pearl also came to check, hiding behind a small hill.

## **Chapter 640**

They thought it was Greg's fiery temper that finally ticked off Sam.

And the mere thought of seeing Greg bite the dust was too delightful for words.

Then they'd sweet-talk Jane into handing over the Myers family's fortune before getting rid of her too.

Talk about hitting the jackpot.

But what they saw was Greg, gun in hand, aiming at Sam.

It was like the world had turned upside down.

The tension was thick enough to cut with a knife by the riverside.

Only Greg, the cause of this whole mess, seemed relaxed, one hand casually tucked in his pocket.

But that was just a facade. Without a sight of Jane, every nerve in his body was on edge.

"I'm gonna ask one more time, where is she?"

Sam raised his hand, signaling everyone to lower their weapons.

Taming someone like Greg was tough, but that only made him more desirable to conquer.

"I'll take you to her."

Sam's smile returned as he led Greg into the woods, not even worried about the gun in his hand.

Because without laying eyes on Jane, Greg wouldn't just kill him.

But Sam had miscalculated.

That shot from Greg was actually a signal to Gary's guys.

He could've taken out Sam right there and then and still gone after Jane.

But he needed to ensure the plan's integrity, to extract himself cleanly from this twist of fate.

And above all, he couldn't bear to be a husband or a father with blood on his hands.

Mark forced me to finish my meal, but it wasn't long before I threw up everything.

This time, Mark didn't offer water or show concern. Instead, he dragged me to the back of the cabin, where a helicopter waited. Everything felt rushed and wrong.

That confirmed it for me - that shot had something to do with Greg.

I couldn't leave.

If I did, finding me again would be next to impossible for Greg.

I clutched my stomach and leaned against a tree, "I feel sick."

Mark's face darkened, his patience.

wearing thin He reached out to p me away but found me grippin tree tightly.

The bark was rough and dry against my skin.

Forcing me would surely cause injury.

"Jane,"

to

the

Mark looked at me, resigned, "Do you really not want to come with me that badly?"

"I..."

I

vely protected my stomach,

"

to leave, yet fearing to

provoke him, "Mark... you and "



Swno

I was still searching for the right words when something whizzed by, landing near my feet.

"Get your filthy hands off her!"

Hearing that familiar voice, tears streamed down my face uncontrollably. "Greg!"

I saw him approaching, trying to break free from Mark's grip to run to him.

But Mark's grip was like a vice. My wrist hurt, but I couldn't break free.

As Greg got closer, noticing the red marks on my skin, he raised his gun.

Mark pulled me in front of him, his voice dark, "Go ahead, shoot."

Mark was beyond reasoning, desperate to take me with him, consequences be damned.

His eyes were filled with

novo trade her for him?" Content

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Sam spread his hands, "I was threatened too, didn't you notice?"

Mark scoffed, clearly not buying a word.

This was Sam's turf, the idea that Greg could intimidate him was ludicrous.

Mark spoke calmly, "Show yourselves."

People emerged from the forest in an instant, surrounding us.

I was still struggling, trying to get to Greg.

But Greg frowned slightly, shaking his head at me without making a sound.