

# **Lost Me Gained Regret #Chapter 651 - Read Lost Me Gained Regret Chapter 651**

## **Chapter 651**

In the midst of the emergency, Dr. Andrews stepped out to update Gregory on the situation.

"I've done everything within my power; the rest is up to Dr. Smith."

"Though Dr. Smith mentioned treatment is possible, he's not a miracle worker. If the patient can't overcome her inner turmoil, even he can't guarantee the child's safety."

Gregory's hands, hanging by his sides, clenched into fists. His jawline tightened, a sharp contour of determination and fear.

After a few seconds of heavy silence, he spoke up, "Save or not, Jane is our priority right now."

Christine caught the storm of emotions brewing in Gregory's eyes.

She couldn't fully comprehend it.

Yet, she always knew such depth of feeling was part of Gregory's very essence.

It was as if every bone in his body was shattered.

"There has to be a way," Christine turned away, fighting back tears, "Jane is strong. She's just struggling to come to terms with it all. Plus, she said she wouldn't give up on this child, Gregory. You need to hang in there too."

"Besides, Jane just lost her grandmother. Losing this child would break her completely."

Dailey reached out to wipe her tears but was brushed aside once more.

He turned to Gregory, adding, "Christine's right. We need to do everything we can to save the child."

Now wasn't the time for conflict, Christine thought, following his lead. "With the funeral today, she's definitely not in a good place. Once she wakes up, I'll have a proper talk with her."

"She's just not thinking clearly right now. A good talk, and she might see things differently."

Gregory understood all too well.

Yet, he couldn't bear to see her suffer anymore.

Pregnancy was hard enough.

The repeated miscarriage scares had taken an irreversible toll on her body.

With such a blow to her spirit, forcing herself to endure for the sake of the child might drive her to the brink.

And if complications arose later in the pregnancy, it could cause even greater harm.

Reluctantly, he was prepared to cut losses.

"Dr. Andrews, if we can't save it, don't force it. I just want her to be safe and healthy."

"Gregory!"

"Greg."

Christine shot Dailey a warning

glance before addressing Dr.

Andrews, "If Jane is conscious

needs to be consulted. It's her right."

"Gregory, as much as you're worried about Jane, you can't make this

decision alone. After all, this is I

your child."

Gregory remained silent, understanding the gravity of the situation.

Dr. Andrews nodded, acknowledging the complexity of the matter, and returned to the emergency room.

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Edith left the church as night fell.

Herbert had been following her, which was annoying.

But seeking a blessing, faith was key.

She treated him as a stranger, avoiding conversation to prevent any argument.

Though he was always silent, never one to start a fight.

"It's getting dark, and this area is secluded. Follow my car."

"Or you could ride with me, and I'll have someone drive yours back."

Edith didn't respond. Now he decides to speak up?

She got into her car and sped off, leaving Herbert behind.

Herbert's lips tightened as he quickly followed.

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The emergency procedure lasted six hours.

When Edith arrived at the hospital, it was still ongoing.

She took Ike, who had fallen asleep in Christine's arms.

"Thanks for looking after him."

Christine stretched her sore arms, shaking her head, "It's nothing, we're family."

Edith handed her a blessed charm, "I

got

the everyone. Give one to

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keep one for yourself."

"Will do."

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Christine kept one for herself, handed two to Gregory, and then went to Bella's side.

Dailey, after a moment of thought, followed her.

## **Chapter 652**

Edith glanced over before scooping up the baby and turning to Gregory, "The little one might catch a cold sleeping like this. I'm going to the room next door. Holler if you need anything."

Gregory nodded, his expression somber.

Edith understood his turmoil but couldn't fathom why their journey seemed endlessly fraught with hardship.

And now, their unborn child was sharing in their misfortunes.

She hoped the peace charm she'd earnestly prayed for would keep them safe.

"Let me."

Herbert, trailing behind, had lost her at an intersection.

He'd tried to take a shortcut, not anticipating a blockage.

Arriving much later, he found Edith deftly avoiding his reach and entering the hospital room.

She laid Ike down, slipping off his shoes and jacket before tucking him in.

Settling beside him, she remained silent.

Herbert suggested, "You should rest with the kid. I'll wake you if anything comes up."

Edith maintained her silence.

As Christine returned to the emergency room, she noticed Gregory's condition seemed off. He was leaning against the wall, his body swaying slightly. Before she could inspect closer, Gregory started to fall. She reached out, missing him, but Dailey caught him just in time.

"He's burning up."

Dailey propped Gregory's arm over his shoulder, checking his temperature, "Fetch a wheelchair."

Christine hurried off, and Dailey managed to get Gregory to a room, calling for an ER doctor.

"Infection from the wound's causing the fever. We need to take this seriously. Start an IV to bring down the fever and fight the infection. Let's not leave him alone tonight. A recurring fever could spell real trouble."

Dailey was well aware of the gravity.

The burns hadn't healed, and the rain hadn't helped their cause.

He got it, but the living must press on, not neglect their well-being.

"I understand."

Before leaving, the doctor stressed, "Call me immediately if his condition changes."

Dailey nodded in acknowledgment.

Turning to Christine, he said, "Head

back to the emergency room. If Dr. Andrews is available, ask about

Jane's condition and tell him

Gregory could use a lookover."

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Christine nodded, making her way back just as Dr. Andrews appeared. "How's Jane?"

Dr. Andrews, already briefed on

Gregory's absence, replied, "Sheet

stable for now. Will be moved to a room soon, and Mr. Abdul will continue her treatment." Content

"But, as I always say, if the patient can't

33 way to cope, no amount

of medical expertise or

expertise or medication save them."

"Not to mention, her current state doesn't bode well for continuous medication."

Christine nodded understandingly, "Please, could you check on Gregory? He's running a high fever."

Dr. Andrews wasn't surprised; after such an ordeal, a fever was almost expected.

Waking up again, I was met with a blinding whiteness.

Closing my eyes momentarily, I gradually opened them, allowing time to adjust.

"Jane, you're awake!"

Christine was ecstatic, "Are you feeling alright anywhere?"

"I'll call Mr. Abdul to check on you!"

Before I could respond, she dashed off.

Mr. Abdul was next door, attending to Gregory.

"Mr. Abdul, Jane's awake."

He continued his treatment on Gregory while asking, "How does she seem to you?"

Christine, having not inspected closely and forgetting to wait for my response, replied, "I'll go check again."

And with that, she was off once more.

## **Chapter 653**

After what felt like an eternity of darkness, I woke up parched, but the relief that washed over me when I felt my baby still safe inside was enough to push me to sit up, reaching for a glass of water.

That's when Christine burst back into the room, swiftly taking the glass from my hand.

"Let me," she insisted, her voice laced with urgency. "You stay put until Dr. Adams checks on you."

Seeing the worry etched on her face, and fearing for my baby's well-being, I reluctantly laid back down.

Christine returned with a glass of warm water, carefully adjusting the pillows behind me so I could sit up comfortably.

I couldn't help but protest, "You don't have to fuss so much; I'm not that frail."

But Christine fixed me with a stern look. "Don't pretend you're okay just for my sake. We've been friends for years; I know you better than that."

I took a sip of water, hiding the sorrow in my eyes, and changed the subject. "How's Greg?"

"Running a high fever, in the next room," she replied, curtly cutting off any response I might have had.

"Jane," she continued, her tone softening, "I haven't said much before because I know no words can truly share your pain. No comfort words can bring Grandma back."

"Loss is a wound that never fully heals, so I didn't feed you empty promises about moving on or not dwelling on it. But I can't stay silent now."

"You can't keep going like this. I'm not using your baby as leverage, but you said it yourself you want to keep her. That means you need to be there for her, or else, make the hard choice now."

"Don't let her suffer with you. It'll only hurt you both more in the end."

"And don't keep everything bottled up. You don't have to cry, but you need to express what you're really feeling."

"Holding it in is only going to hurt you, the baby, and Greg. And all of us who care about you."

By the time Christine paused for a

ath, ready to continue her pleat

raised my hand to stop her, asking, "The baby's okay, right?" Content

Christine sighed, "If you don't take care of yourself, not even Dr. Adams can guarantee anything for your baby."

"Greg's been trying to stay strong for you, risking his own health. He can't bear to see you in pain."

"Neither can I. If I can't get through to you, maybe it's a sign that this baby just wasn't meant to be ours."

I was silent, lost in thought. I had

never imagined Grandma leaving so suddenly. I had plans to make her proud, even taking care of Victor for her sake.

But she was gone before I could settle anything. And now, with my baby on the line, I didn't have the luxury to grieve properly.

Pulling myself out of the deep sorrow was no easy feat.

Biting my lip, I finally spoke, "I need to see Greg."

Christine fetched a wheelchair, noting my lack of strength, and wheeled me to his room.

Dr. Adams upon seeing me, advised against medication. "It's better if you can work through this grief on your own. If not, we'll consider medication." Content

I thanked him before turning my attention to Greg, whose feverish hand trembled in mine.

He was burning up, a fever this high was dangerous for anyone, let alone someone already weakened.

The thought of losing him too was unbearable.

## **Chapter 654**

"Prepare for what?"

Mr. Abdul and Dr. Andrews exchanged a glance before speaking, "Prepare for the worst. If this turns into pneumonia, combined with his severely inflamed wounds, he might..."



Let's not utter that word today.

"You can't stay up late or overwork yourself. Once you're done here, go back and rest. Even if you can't sleep, just lie down with your eyes closed." "We'll keep an eye on things here."

Gregory was lying face down, and I could see the expanse of wounds on his back, making my nose sting terribly.

But I didn't want to cry anymore.

Crying is useless.

"Christine."

"Yes, Jane?" she responded.

I took a deep breath, trying to appear fine, "I could really go for some food right now."

"Alright, I'll go get you something."

It was late, and Dailey went along too.

"Get a lot, I don't think anyone has had the chance to eat."

Normally, we would have a meal after a funeral, but one thing after another kept us from it.

Yet, expressing this concern, Mr. Abdul and Dr. Andrews were still worried.

Whether one is genuinely feeling better or just pretending, they could tell.

After all, losing a loved one isn't something you recover from quickly.

It takes time.

Sometimes, you just have to let things take their course.

Do what you can and leave the rest to fate.

...

Gregory woke up for a moment, squeezed my hand tightly when he saw me, and then quickly closed his eyes again.

It was so swift, you'd miss it if you weren't paying close attention.

"It's okay, don't worry. He's definitely thinking of you but his body isn't allowing much. Seeing you safe and sound here must have reassured him," Mr. Abdul explained.

Content

I wiped the sweat from Gregory's forehead and sighed softly.

After saying this, Mr. Abdul didn't disturb us any further and joined Dr. Andrews on the sofa to discuss some medical thoughts.

I didn't understand, so I just leaned by the bed, watching Gregory.

In a bit, I'd check his temperature again.

But with his temperature fluctuating, my heart was doing the same.

If Gregory got worse because of me, I would never forgive myself.

The people around me, one after another, never seemed to end well.

"You're overthinking again."

Startled by the words, I looked up to see Gregory opening his eyes, asking, "Were you the one talking just now?"

Gregory tried to smile, "You're worrying so much, I thought you had a fever and it made you delirious."

I quickly checked his temperature; it was still high. I looked at Mr. Abdul, "Can he have some water?"

Mr. Abdul answered, "You can moisten his lips with a cotton swab."

As I stood up, Gregory held me back, "I don't want anything. Stop b about, and don't just sit

lie

down on the bed and re belongs to en.kiki xot

"And stop blaming yourself for everything, thinking you're some kind of curse."

I didn't even know how to respond, "How do you know all this when you've been sleeping? I haven't made a sound."

"Because I know you."

Gregory's eyelids drooped, clearly struggling, and I quickly said, "Don't talk too much now, save it until after your fever goes down."

Gregory pressed his thumb against my palm.

I was puzzled, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing..."

After a brief silence, Gregory looked

at me and said, "Your palm has been sweating, and you gripped my hand tightly for a moment. I knew immediately you were worrying unnecessarily." Content

"Jane, don't punish yourself with others' mistakes."

I was about to suggest he rest some more when, before I could utter a word, he closed his eyes again.

## **Chapter 655**

"No, it's not like that..."

Gregory paused for a few seconds before continuing, "Your palms have been sweaty, and at one point, you gripped my hand so tight. That's how I knew you were overthinking."

"Jane, don't punish yourself for someone else's mistakes."

I opened my mouth, wanting him to stop talking for a moment.

But before I could utter a sound, he closed his eyes again.

"

"I

Even in his condition, he was trying to comfort me. What reason did I have to trap myself in a self-imposed prison?

...

After Christine and Dailey brought back dinner and I had eaten, Christine insisted I get some rest while she kept watch.

I asked her to wait a moment and went to Mr. Abdul and Dr. Andrews, saying, "You both should get some sleep. I'll call you if anything comes up." Dr. Andrews was okay with it, but Mr. Abdul had been pushing himself too hard.

Thinking it was pointless for everyone to be up, I decided to rest as well.

I asked Lucius, "Could you set up another bed for me? I'll sleep here."

The VIP ward beds were quite large, but with Gregory's serious injuries, I wanted to ensure he had plenty of space.

Lucius took care of it.

I told Christine, "You should rest in the next room."

"

Christine disagreed, "Don't worry about me. I should be the one watching over him. Plus, in case of an emergency, I can run fast and call for help."

"I'm already here, might as well stay in the room and keep an eye on him."

"You've been busy all day; you need to get some rest."

"Please, go."

Christine was about to protest, but I firmly pushed her out.

"Just call me if anything happens, don't run around on your own."

"Okay."

Dailey followed her out.

After Lucius and his team set up the bed, he reassured me, "Jane, I'm just next door. Shout for me if you need anything. Mr. Abdul mentioned you should be resting."

I nodded, "I won't take any risks with the baby, don't worry."

Once Lucius left, the room fell silent.

Noticing Gregory's dry lips, I moistened them with a wet cotton swab.

Without any sleepiness, I sat down by the bed.

I changed his fever patch and monitored his temperature.

Every so often, he would wake up, look at me for a few seconds, then, reassured, go back to sleep.

Just when thought he was stable and

about to lie down, the

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monitoring device suddenly biel

I rushed to the door, calling for Lucius.

Lucius immediately went to fetch Mr. Abdul and Dr. Andrews.

Hearing the commotion, Christine, came out and said to me, "Don't panic, fake a deep breath. Everything will be alright; he's always had a strong constitution." Content

Some emotions can't be controlled by will.

Feeling a surge of warmth, I hurried to the bathroom.

"Christine!"

"I'm here, I'm here," she assured me from the doorway.

"Get Mr. Abdul, please."

"Right away."

After Christine called for him, I heard her inform Mr. Abdul, "Jane's having trouble."

Dr. Andrews took Gregory to the emergency room first.

Mr. Abdul came to ask about my condition.

I pressed my lips together, "I'm bleeding."

Mr. Abdul handed Christine some medicine, "Give this to her and make sure she doesn't move."

He left in a hurry after speaking.

Christine entered the bathroom, handing me the medicine and some warm water.

After taking it, I felt a bit better but attempted to stand.

"Don't move," she insisted.

Christine then went out and returned with a wheelchair, complete with a cushion on it.

"I know you're worried about

Gregory, but let me push you there. Just tell me what you need; you shouldn't be walking back and forth."

UMS

Knowing my condition wasn't great, I replied, "I appreciate your help."

"Talking like that, making it sound so formal," she chided.

I sat in the wheelchair, and Christine pushed me out, draping a blanket over me for warmth.

## **Chapter 656**

The ER entrance was crowded with worried faces, but one stood out the most.

"Auntie!" Ike ran up and clung to my legs, his eyes wide with concern. "I saw the bad guys take you. I was so scared."

"But Uncle Jake was awesome! He saved you, but he got hurt."

His voice trembled, revealing a vulnerability I hadn't anticipated. It hit me then, the gravity of the situation and the role I played in it.

"You should be in bed, kiddo," I tried to lighten the mood.

Edith, always the voice of reason, explained on his behalf, "He tried, but he was too worried about you. He woke up and insisted on coming here."

I ruffled Ike's hair affectionately, "You're such a brave boy."

Christine gave my shoulder a reassuring squeeze, signaling her intent to step away. "I'll make a few calls for work."

"At this hour? Is something going on at the office?" I asked, concerned.

She waved it off, "Nothing I can't handle. Don't you worry about that."

Christine made me promise to call her if I needed anything before she moved off to a quieter spot.

Edith approached with a more

already said everything that could

somber tone, I guess everyone's

possibly comfort you. So, I won't bother repeating them. But I did get you a lucky charm, hoping it keeps troubles away from now on"

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I attempted a smile, but my eyes betrayed the emptiness I felt, "Thanks, sis."

She squeezed my shoulder, a silent promise of unwavering support, "We're here for you, no matter what. Don't pressure yourself. Sometimes, things are beyond our control."

UMS

As dawn broke, Gregory was finally wheeled out of the ER by Dr. Andrews, looking worse for wear but alive.

Mr. Abdul, the seasoned family

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friend, checked on me first, his presence a comforting reminder of the resilience of life. "Gregory's a tough one," he assured me, then shared wisdom only a life well-lived could impart about facing adversity and making peace with one's choices. Content

His words resonated deeply, hinting at the tough decisions I might need to make regarding the pregnancy and my own health.

"Thanks, Mr. Abdul. I'll remember what you said," I managed, feeling the weight of his advice.

After ensuring Gregory was stable, Dr. Andrews excused himself, leaving us to process the night's events.

"I'm starving," I finally said, breaking the tension. Christine, ever the practical one, immediately set off to find food, accompanied by Dailey.

"Jane, you should try to get some rest. I'll keep watch," Lucius offered, his concern evident despite the casual tone.

I glanced at Gregory, then back at Lucius, "There's something I need you to do for me."

## **Chapter 657**

I was at my breaking point.

There were kids to think about, and after breakfast, it was straight to bed for me.

Gregory had collapsed, Lucius was nursing an injury, and Dailey had been on watch for two days straight. The backlog at Ford Group and SZ Technology was piling up.

I had to step in and help sort things out.

Before leaving, I wanted to have a word with Christine, but she just sat on the couch, scrolling through her phone, completely ignoring me.

It wasn't the right time for a heart-to-heart.

I'd wait.

I dreamt of Grandma again.

She must be worried about me, visiting my dreams so often.

"Lily, life's journey is all about experiencing birth, aging, illness, and death."

"I'm glad, my dear, that I got to spend some time with you, to share this bond, while I was still alive."

"I had thought I might never see you again in this lifetime."

I hugged her tightly.

"Grandma..."

I cried freely in her arms, not wanting to hear those words.



I didn't want to lose her, yet I had to accept that I already had. "Grandma."

I kept calling out to her, over and over.

"Grandma, can't you come back?"

I knew it was a vain hope.

But I still wished she could come back.

Grandma stroked my back, speaking softly, "Lily, you need to live well."

"I'm waiting to be called 'great-grandma.' You promised me, so you can't break your word."

"I can't always come to see you, and you shouldn't dwell too much on missing me."

"You're my granddaughter, but you will also be Gregory's wife, the mother of your children. Let me reside in the deepest corner of your heart, and save the rest for them."

"Be brave, don't let sorrow consume you because of me."

I sensed Grandma was about to leave, and I clung to her.

But she still faded away from my embrace.

"Mr. Abdul, is Jane okay?"

Christine looked worried.

Jane had been sleeping soundly but suddenly started crying, now she's trembling.

Gregory, his anesthesia worn off, woke up and insisted on staying by her side, despite his condition.

Christine was beside herself with worry.

Mr. Abdul, trying not to alarm them further, said, "It was a nightmare."

"It's expected, considering her Grandma just passed away."

Gregory suddenly spoke, as if making a tough decision.

"Mr. Abdul, about this child, we can't..."

"Gregory,"

I woke up just in time to stop him, "This child is ours, you can't decide this alone."

"I can't stand to see you in pain. If

we keep her, and Mr. Abdul

pain." Content

Is it will only cause

"I'm fine."

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I sat up, gripping his arm as he adjusted my pillows.

I touched his forehead, "As for you, how can you not rest properly?"

How could Gregory rest when he was so worried? "Jane, this child..." "Keep her."

I placed his hand on my belly, "I will definitely keep her. Don't speak

this in front of her again; sheoret

Swcontent

sense these things now."

Gregory's lips were a thin line, silent for a long while before he tried to speak again.

I looked at Lucius, "Did you take care of that thing?"

"It's done."

Lucius immediately came over, handing me a small square box.

I opened it and took out a ring, sliding it onto Gregory's finger.

Gregory's brows knitted together, staring at the ring as if trying to bore a hole through it.

I handed him the other ring, "Will you put this on me?"

He was puzzled but did as I asked.

Our hands, with the rings, linked together, said, "Greg, I need to honor my grandmother's memory,

so we can't get married just yet. But with this, I'm making you a promise." Content

UMS

## Chapter 658

"Shall we get hitched as soon as the mourning period is over? Just get it done?" I blurted out, breaking the silence between us.

Gregory stared at me for what felt like an eternity, his emotions flickering through his eyes like scenes from a movie. Disbelief, joy, excitement, and a hint of annoyance that I had stolen his thunder by popping the question first. But he remained silent, simply pulling me into an embrace.

I wanted to pat his back to comfort him, but remembering his injury, I gently tapped the back of his head instead.

"Go beam with joy over there; I need to have a word with Mr. Smith," I said, gesturing for Gregory to step aside, making room for Mr. Smith.

I turned to Mr. Smith. "I'm at a loss here. I need a solution, and I'll follow your advice to the letter. I just want to make sure this baby stays safe." Gregory quickly added, "We can keep the baby, but not at the expense of Jane's well-being."

Mr. Smith stroked his beard thoughtfully before asking, "Are you sure about this?"

"Yes," I replied, a slight smile tugging at my lips as I recalled a dream about promising my grandmother that I'd bring the baby to visit her, calling her 'Great-Grandma.' "I can't go back on my word."

"All right then," Mr. Smith nodded. "As long as you're willing to follow my guidance, I can assure you and the baby will be fine."

Unable to get out of bed, I could only lean forward to express my gratitude to Mr. Smith.

"Save your thanks for later. You two owe me a big one once this is all sorted," he said, his tone light but firm.

"Of course," we both agreed.

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In the days that followed, Gregory and I settled into a routine. Once his fever subsided, he was back to work, turning our room into a makeshift office filled with paperwork. And me, I kept him company, occasionally joining Mr. Smith for therapeutic walks

downstairs, and sometimes, I prepare fruit for Gregory, which more often than not, ended up being shared between the baby and me.

I

As time went on by, my pregnancy became more evident. During one of the check-ups, the doctor invited Gregory to listen to the baby's heartbeat alongside me. It was a magical moment that even Gregory couldn't help but marvel at.

Raising an eyebrow, he said, "I swear the baby just told me she's my daughter."

I didn't believe him but seeing Gregory's relief, I played along.

"Seems like she doesn't hold your earlier words against you. She must really like her daddy."

Gregory had become exceedingly

very

careful around me during this time. His usual laid-back demeanor was gone, replaced by an almost uncharacteristic seriousness.

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Once back in our room, I looked at him and said, "I'm sorry."

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Gregory was once again taken aback by my sudden apology, but he understood the reason behind it.

"It seems you haven't taken my words to heart. You've done nothing wrong, Jane. We shouldn't let the wrongdoings of others bring us down."

I reached out, placing my hand gently on his face, looking into his eyes with earnest. "But Greg, I do owe you an apology."

"You've apologized to me more than once," he replied.

I asked, "So, do you accept my apology?"

Gregory's hand covered mine, enveloping it entirely. He looked back at me with equal sincerity and said, "Jane, with me, you'll never have to apologize."

## **Chapter 659**

As my due date approached, my mom and uncle decided to pay me a visit. I'd visited her in the hospital before, witnessing firsthand the toll the media frenzy had taken on her. The relentless reporters, hungry for a scoop, had made her life a living nightmare. Thankfully, my uncle had arranged for her to receive treatment abroad, thanks to Dailey's connection with a psychologist overseas.

Their arrival filled me with joy. I hurried over, beaming, "Mom, Uncle, you're here!"

My mom jumped, scolding gently, "Goodness, child, with you being so far along, you shouldn't be startling like that!"

My uncle glanced at my rounded belly and nodded in approval, "Looking good, you've put on weight."

"Not long ago, you looked so frail, as if a strong wind could knock you over," he added.

I laughed sheepishly, turning to my mom, "How's the treatment going? I tried calling but couldn't get through. Uncle said you've been doing well."

My uncle chimed in, "She's healed up nicely from her physical wounds, but throwing that party and then worrying over your pregnancy has weighed heavily on her."

Hearing this, I took my mom's hand, "Mom, I've blamed myself, too, for nearly losing my baby. I've felt guilty up until now, but dwelling on it won't bring grandma back."

"Mom, I've always yearned for family love. With grandma gone, I hope you can stay by my side."

My mom squeezed my face gently, affirming, "Of course, my dear. I've missed you terribly."

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The day my child was born was

unexpectedly pleasant, yet inside the delivery room, I was sweating

buckets. Gregory had offered to be there with me, but I declined. I figured that the sight of childbirth wasn't exactly picturesque, but I wanted my mom there instead. I thought that the bond between grandmother and grandchild could heal her heart. Content

"Mom, it hurts so much..."

"I'm here, darling," my mom reassured me, gripping my hand. "I can see the baby's head now, just a bit longer. Take a deep breath."

Outside, Gregory was a bundle of nerves, unable to sit still. He had crammed all there was to know about childbirth, readying himself to be by my side, but knowing I was in pain without being able to see me ramped up his agitation.

Dailey tried to offer some words of solace but retreated after receiving a frosty look.

Christine was equally restless,

having consumed a vast array of childbirth-related content, from news articles and videos to books and documentaries. The documentaries, in particular, had her heart in knots. The anxiety had built up in the days leading to my delivery, an anxiety she strove to hide from me. Yet, I noticed and ended up comforting her instead. Content

"Have an iced Americano; it might help you calm down," Dailey suggested, offering her coffee.

Gratefully, she accepted, "Thanks."

Dailey, hands in pockets, replied casually, "No need to be so formal with me."

In recent times, Christine had

maintained a distance from Dailey. With Gregory delegating all his responsibilities to Dailey during the later stages of my pregnancy, Dailey was swamped, barely seen, and when seen, hardly spoken to..

Christine chose not to initiate

conversation, believing it best to remain just friends. After all, if Dailey ended up marrying his first love, Christine was prepared to smile and offer her best wishes, red envelope in hand. Content

## **Chapter 660**

"Gratitude is a virtue, something my elementary school teacher always emphasized."

Before, Dailey had found himself running low on patience and even harboring some annoyance when bombarded with her messages or caught in her verbal spats.

However, since that incident at the airport, their interactions had left him feeling a bit uneasy.

Yet, he hadn't found the right moment to sit down with her and really talk things through.

Once Jane had the baby, he knew he'd have to carve out some time.

"Why isn't she out yet?"

Gregory was practically tearing his hair out in frustration.

Lucius, noticing Gregory fumbling for his lighter, quickly intervened.

"Greg, your sister-in-law hasn't been in there all that long. Giving birth isn't like going shopping, man. You need to be patient. Plus, Bella's in there with her. Everything's going to be fine. You don't want the baby's first breath to be a lungful of smoke, do you?"

Gregory hardly absorbed a word until the last sentence hit home.

He pocketed his lighter and found a reflective surface to tidy up his hair and collar.

But as time ticked on, his appearance was the least of his worries.

Despite Lucius's attempts to calm him, Gregory was on edge.

"Mr. Ford, congratulations!"

Just when Gregory was about to lose it, the doctor emerged from the maternity ward with great news, "Mother and daughter are both healthy!" Gregory finally breathed a sigh of relief. "How's my wife?"

"She's out," Bella followed, pushing the hospital bed out, "Exhausted. Fell asleep."

Gregory took over the hospital bed from her.

Bella glanced at him, "Have you seen the baby yet?"

Caught up in everything, Gregory had forgotten. Reminded by Bella, he rushed over.

Christine was already by the nurse who was holding the baby.

"She seems a bit... off?"

Gregory was not pleased, but upon closer inspection...

Well, he certainly wouldn't admit to any flaws. "My daughter couldn't possibly be ugly."

Christine wasn't about to argue, "Sure, your and Jane's baby is the most beautiful in the world."

Gregory was satisfied. Turning to Bella,

Care said "Mom, please watchet . I'm going to take watche  
to

her room to rest." Content

After Bella left, Gregory naturally started referring to Jane in a new light.

Upon inquiry, he found out Jane had proposed to him.

The scenario was as splendid as a peacock's display.

Seeing them happy and content, she let them be. "Alright."

When I woke up, my first instinct was to touch my stomach.

It was a habit formed over time, given this child had been through so much with me.

I always needed to make sure she was still there.

But today, my stomach was flat, and I panicked, sitting up abruptly.

"My baby!"

"Right here."

Hearing that familiar deep voice, I turned to see Gregory already bringing the baby over.

"Take a look."

I carefully took her, a bit flustered.

Gregory had to guide me on how to hold her properly.

I chuckled, "You seem more like the mother here."

Gregory wrapped his arms around us, planting a gentle and sincere kiss on my forehead.

"Jane, thank you. Thank you for giving us our child."



I nudged him with my forehead, "Thanks won't cut it. From here on out, I'll be all about how you perfect dad." Content

Gregory held us tighter, "I won't let you down."

I thought giving birth was the hardest part, and with everyone's encouragement and support, I knew I could do it. I was determined to

help plus some professionals guide me, raising her wouldn't be too difficult. n

But breastfeeding, that first hurdle, had me stumped.

I didn't want to rely on formula; I wanted to nurse her myself.